The Nation.

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The Week.

The story that a prominent Georgian, who is easily recognized as John Temple Graves—there being no other Georgian so prominent—offered to Mr. Roosevelt the vote of a Southern State if he would run again, was quickly discredited. So, too, was the assertion that the President promptly said: "By George, I'll take a third term if I can break the solid South." All those who continue to impute to Mr. Roosevelt a desire for another term before 1912 are prevaricators of the worst kind; by rights they should have a shorter and more ugly word applied to them. They run the risk of being classed with certain railroad conspirators and nature fakers. No, only those who wish to injure the President will continue to repeat alleged assertions of his willingness to run again in 1908. What they should do is to boom Mr. Taft as the real heir-apparent to the bad times of 1909 or 1910—if there are any—as well as to the policies of Mr. Roosevelt. They should, moreover, assiduously address themselves to belittling all talk of Charles E. Hughes for President, which one now hears in so many directions and in such unexpected quarters. It is obviously Mr. Hughes's duty to stick to Albany affairs, and we cannot imagine why it is that he should have received telegrams and letters from all over the country congratulating him on his veto of the two-cent fare bill, with its treasonable insinuations that Roosevelt methods are not what they are cracked up to be. If this thing continues, it is quite possible that the President may not himself be able to shape the future of the Republican party—and of the magnitude of that scandal we can scarcely bring ourselves to think.

With a bureau at work in his interest and the endorsement of ex-Senator Chandler, Senator La Follette's Presidential boom is ready for inspection. In one respect it is unique among Republican candidacies in that its chances look very much better in the light of strict logic than in that of practical politics. Says Senator Chandler: "If the Republicans are to nominate a radical candidate on a radical platform, they can find only one man who meets the requirements—that man is La Follette." It is true that he is a Republican, a man who "does things," who has carried through one of the most comprehensive programmes of legislation ever seen in an American State, and who finally has manifested an ability to win Democratic votes which we hardly suppose any other Republican aspirant would pretend to equal. According to definition, he belongs to the Roosevelt type, if ever any man did. Yet he is one of the very last on whom the President's favor is likely to fall. It would not do to have the people talking a few years hence of the "La Follette type," any more than "the Hughes type." Apparently fulfilling every expressed requirement, La Follette still, in the minds of Republican philosophers, bears only the same relation to the ideal Rooseveltian candidate that the plucked chicken did to Plato's man.

The reasons for making the Independence League national in scope are explained by Charles A. Walsh, former secretary of the Democratic National Committee, and now one of Hearst's chief supporters. During a recent tour of a dozen or so States he has discovered "general distrust of both old parties," and "in all quarters a demand that the Independence League of New York should extend the organization throughout the United States." These two statements are regarded as parts of one demonstration. The first comes very near being an axiom at present. The people are independent as never before. But, unfortunately, independence is not among those benefits which can best be secured by organized and unanimous action. A hundred voters may be more influential if they band themselves together and agree to vote and act in unison; but they are not more independent. Indeed, the people have been working out for themselves lately a pitifully primitive conception of independence, which consists merely in voting for the best candidates, whoever may have nominated them. But the genuine article, as they are now to be made to realize, at great expense to Mr. Hearst, is equipped with constitution and by-laws.

The discovery by the State Department of an "old statute"—so the dispatch describes it—giving the President power to exclude any products of any foreign state unjustly discriminating against the sale of any American product within its boundaries, is hailed as likely to revolutionize tariff relations between this country and other nations. A useful tariff cudgel is what the experts term it. So it is useful, in the sense that a club in the hands of a policeman or the puller-in of a Bowery clothing store may be. As between gentlemen, weapons of this kind are not in fashion, and though nations may not always behave like gentlemen, in the long run the armed bully is neither popular nor always successful in obtaining what he wants. Originally bestowed to enable the President to retaliate for German discrimination against our meats, this power was speedily forgotten when that dispute was adjusted. It is now to be used against other nations as the President shall determine. Thus we see once more how tariffs are the most perfect means of producing concord and friendly feeling between nations, and what measures of good will grow out of them. So far as the age of the newly-discovered "old" statute—seventeen years—is concerned, if our executive bureaus forget such important measures in so short a period, the need for a highly-paid official whose duty shall be to remind our Secretaries and law officers is obvious. We have long been of the opinion that the States need such a servant of the public. Hundreds of laws go on our statute-books every year only to be forgotten or ignored. Frequently office-holders of great importance serve out their terms and go back to private life with no idea of the powers and duties actually bestowed upon them. In many cases, of course, the mere existence of a law ends an abuse, so that neither the police nor the district attorneys have to think of it again; but in how many hundreds of cases are the statutes or ordinances overlooked? No one would dare estimate the number of those that are hopelessly antiquated.

Americans will note with satisfaction the announcement of our delegation at the Hague Congress, through Gen. Porter, that the United States reserve the right to propose and discuss the limitation of armaments. This does not necessarily mean that this country will surely take a resolute initiative in that matter. It does signify, however, that the United States do not intend to have the whole question foreclosed. Should good opporunity present itself, our delegates will seize it. Any other course would really be ridiculous. Here is the most important question that could come before the Conference, yet a sort of tacit edict has gone forth that it shall not be even mentioned. Grown men could scarcely submit to such a tabu. What they are all thinking about, some of them will insist upon having the liberty to talk about. The brave notice served by Gen. Porter was gratifying proof that the policy of "Hush!" will not intimidate the Americans.

The Georgia Legislature is likely, according to Dr. Jeff Davis, president of the Georgia Industrial Association, to find itself in a dilemma. It is committed to the disfranchisement of the ne-

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groes, yet will also be subjected to strong pressure to pass a compulsory education law. How to compel the white children to attend school without teaching all the little negroes likewise, is the problem. Dr. Davis fears that the education of the negroes will speedily bring to naught their disfranchisement. This seems ridiculous, for the simple reason that it is the easiest thing in the world to trick an educated negro out of his ballot, and it is being done pretty much everywhere in the South openly enough. But Dr. Davis's alarm is less interesting than his explanation why a compulsory law would make trouble among the whites. The poor white man, it appears, will not "send his children to school where they come in contact with children who are better off, wear better clothes, and present a better appearance." What the race question has to do with this, we cannot see, but Dr. Davis can. Seriously, it is gratifying to note that the desire for a compulsory school law is growing all over the South. The Columbia, S. C., *State* has for weeks been printing letters from its readers, mostly in favor of compulsory education. A Mr. W. H. Edwards, writing from Chester, S. C., declares that more negro children are going to school in the up-country towns than white, because the latter are haled into the factories. It is, in fact, the factory-owners who, together with the presidents of industrial associations of the Dr. Davis type, are the real stumbling-blocks in the way of the compulsory education laws which the most intelligent Southerners desire.

Labor Commissioner Neill is "surprised," and no wonder, at the strike of the San Francisco telegraphers. Through his efforts, a complete agreement had been reached between the officers of the national union and the managers of the companies, and the positive announcement had been made that there would be no strike. Yet a local organization proceeds to make waste paper of the agreement, and issues a vaunting statement about its intention to carry the issue into politics and "to the very doors of Congress." This is to break down the great justification of labor unions. Employers are willing to treat with them only because they are able to bind their men. If they will not live up to their undertakings, they become not only a nuisance, but cumberers of the ground. Yet we see the International Pressmen, on Friday, deliberately repudiating its five years' agreement with the United Typothetæ of America. It had been entered into after careful inquiry and long negotiations, and was admirably fitted to bring about what both pressmen and employing printers desire above all things—stability in the trade. But the pressmen now contemptuously tear up the signed undertaking of their own chiefs. Whom the gods would destroy, they first make untrustworthy.

It occurred to the Chicago *Record-Herald* to question the leading railroad presidents about the Roosevelt plan of having the Government make a "physical valuation" of the various lines. Three presidents declined to give their views for publication; eight replied in opposition to the plan, while A. J. Earling of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul favored it, on the ground that "there seems to be a public demand for it," though he thought it would not have "any particular effect." A. B. Stickney of the Great Western was apparently on both sides. He does not "especially favor" valuation by the Government, remarking that it would entail "enormous cost" upon the companies; but, on the other hand, if it were "done thoroughly and conscientiously," it would show that the talk about "water" in railway capitalization is all moonshine. The ground taken by the railway men who are squarely hostile to the President's suggestion is, first, that the result could be nothing but "official guessing," since no two men, and no two committees, would agree on cost, value, or capitalization; secondly, that the figures, even if accurate ones could be obtained, would have nothing to do with the fixing of rates, since the latter depend upon service to the shipper and upon competition. The whole symposium betrays much anxiety on the part of the railway presidents lest continued agitation compel them to go on paying exorbitant interest for the capital they need. This Mr. Roosevelt also deprecated in his Indianapolis speech.

It is cause for rejoicing that Justice Brewer's seventieth birthday finds him in every way able to continue his service on the Supreme Court bench. This he has now graced for seventeen and one-half years, during which time his professional and personal standing has been steadily enhanced. As man and jurist he is held in great respect. Thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the founders of our institutions, and having the principles of the republic at heart, he has conscientiously stood up for them, even when the popular tide was flowing in the other direction. Some of his very best contributions to our noteworthy judicial opinions have, therefore, been views in dissent from those of the majority of the Court. Unlike some of his fellow-members of the Federal judiciary, Justice Brewer has not felt it necessary to hold himself aloof from public life. Thus he has presided over gatherings of lawyers and jurists on various occasions, and given many other evidences of civic spirit, notably in his efforts to dignify and uplift his profession. His appeals to the bar of the country for nobler ideals, for steadfast opposition to the demoralizing commercial tendencies of the present day, and for a higher code of professional ethics will be as gratefully remembered as his clear and able decisions on vital American policies.

That is a very pleasant form of religion for hot weather which Otoman Zar-Adusht Hanish has established at Chicago. Once "an accomplised barber," but now "elector of the sun-worshippers' cult in America," he began his services in Lake Park Avenue, at the convenient hour of 4:27 A. M. About forty followers spent the day in adoring and admiring the light and heat of the sun; they wore flowing robes of many colors, ate figs and nuts, and discussed such cooling topics as: "To-day the Corner Stone of Life Eternal," and "Individualism in Mazdaznan Collectivism." The crowning delight of this heliocentric gathering was an address delivered by "Monseigneur Quisquam." Quis est ille? While these proceedings were taking place on the shore of Lake Michigan, the "Nobles of the Aleppo Temple" were engaged at Boston in a memorial service for their departed comrades. Eight or nine thousand of the nobles were present, and an oration was delivered by John H. Atwood of Kansas, who rejoices in the modest title of "Past Imperial Potentate." At the close of his address, a pleasant surprise awaited the audience. A choir sang "Unfold, Ye Portals Everlasting," whereupon curtains were parted, and, as the report says: "seemingly resting upon golden clouds were posted eight angels, some with golden trumpets and others with harps." The audience was "mute with admiration." Some of the questions put by the Past Imperial Potentate of Boston should be answered by Monseigneur Quisquam of Chicago, such as: "What is beyond?" "When the silver cord is loosed, what will be?" "What is here when the golden bowl is broken" These two societies, representing at once the culture of the East and the refinement of the West, have a great future, and, in Mr. Atwood's words, they will one day "top the mountain ridge."

"We crawled along Friday from one o'clock until three o'clock Saturday, not stopping all night, but our forces were exhausted after being twenty-four hours without food or drink. The thermometer registered 96 degrees; there was a blinding dust, and our lips were cracked and our faces burned." It may be stated that the scene of action is Mongolia; yet the words quoted are not from a volume of Asiatic travels of the early nineteenth century, nor even from an account of a Japanese reconnoitring ex-

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pedition in the late war with Russia. The writer is the correspondent of the Paris *Matin*, and he is travelling as a passenger in one of the cars engaged in the Peking-to-Paris automobile race. Amidst the sands of Gobi the motor did what motors have always done, and will continue to do under every sky: it broke down. Thereupon "the sadness of despair seized us. All around there was nothing but sand. The only food was one army biscuit and one chicken." There were only two litres of water, and, of course, no petrol. Five miles from Morristown or two hundred from Mukden; what difference does it make? Man's helplessness, for all his boasted mastery of Nature, appears the same. Thus a Mongolian woman came by, riding a camel, and "we made her understand that we wanted a tow. Her docile camel was harnessed to the car, but the heavy vehicle sank into the sand." It needs no extraordinary imagination to picture various juvenile Mongolian faces peering from behind that very camel's saddle-cloth and calling out derisively, "Get a dromedary." Was there at least the satisfaction of seeing the native mind awed by the ponderous devil-machine? Not at all. A Mongol caravan sighted the stranded travellers, and, cruellest blow of all, "passed heedless of our supplications."

With delightful inconsequence, the Irish Nationalists have announced at Dublin that they have decided to break off all relations with the English Liberals, and to inaugurate a grand and harmonious movement for Home Rule. Not too harmonious, however. Motions to welcome back Messrs. Healy and O'Brien were voted down by large majorities. Those able but perverse gentlemen have not submitted gracefully to the Irish Parliamentary machine, and so they must remain outside the breastworks. This is rather a cruel test of the sincerity of the Dublin convention. Jaundiced observers will be sure to say that what Redmond and his party are after is simply agitation and funds to keep their hold on office secure. And their advertised policy seems fatuous in the extreme. They break with a Prime Minister who has again and again declared himself a convinced Home Ruler, to play into the hands of his rival, who is on record as determined to resist Home Rule to the death. If there is any intelligible strategy in this at all, it must lie in the notion that Ireland can never be happy except when she is miserable. To proclaim her wrongs, vociferously but hopelessly, and to give the Bannerman Government an awful "jar," seem to be the whole of the new policy of the Nationalists. Some say that the Irish would, anyhow, rather have a fight than the fruits of victory. Wherever there is a good-sized row, it will be found that, as at the battle in France, *nos Irlandais s'y distinguèrent.*

Signs of appeasement among the wine-growers of Southern France are reported. On Saturday the Chamber passed a prevention of frauds bill. Sunday's visit of Marcelin Albert *chez* M. Clemenceau, dramatic or Tarasconian as one may choose to call it, should do much to hasten the reconciliation between a stern but reasonable Government and a repentant Midi. The leader of the rebellious South is stated to have shed tears of repentance within the Ministry of the Interior. The Minister of the Interior and Premier is said to have bidden his visitor go in peace, in obedience to the laws of hospitality. No more striking scene could have been devised to move the Meridional heart and imagination. Legislative concessions at this late day would be insufficient. That the manufacture of wine out of sugar or the residues of fruit should be forbidden under penalty of a fine ranging from 500 to 10,000 francs, and from six days' to six months' imprisonment, and strict regulations as to the sales of sugar be established, is something. But with the shedding of blood in the streets of Narbonne, the question has become as much one of embittered feelings as of hostile interests. Will M. Clemenceau succeed in enforcing order before entering upon a policy of broad concession? Repeatedly during his term of office he has shown his capacity for doing so.

The movement for a greater Berlin is due not merely to a desire for a big city or for better communication with the suburbs. It is partly an expression of a wish to develop the city æsthetically. Thus the two architectural societies of Berlin have published an appeal for the inclusion of the twenty-five suburbs and villages near by, on the ground that if this is not done the capital cannot grow in a uniform way. At present the suburban towns have their own building regulations, and these are taken advantage of by persons who are anticipating the time when the city will incorporate the villages. What the architects want is a comprehensive and far-sighted plan for the development of the city during the next twenty or thirty years. This would, of course, be a characteristically Continental policy. It leaves scope for individuality, yet it makes impossible such contrasts as render our American cities the wonder of foreign visitors. But the architects want more than uniformity in building: they desire to obtain by competition the very best plan for the landscape development of the future city, with its parks, its shaded avenues, its circular boulevards, and its railway communications all marked out decades in advance. In brief, they want to Haussmannize Berlin after the manner of Paris, or as we Americans now proudly say, to imitate the Burnham way of planning for the Washington of the future.

The declaration to the people issued by the Russian Social Revolutionists contains the following familiar sentence: "The Government dissolved the Duma because it needs an obedient Duma which will support the interests of the aristocrats." Practically this has been avowed by the ministry, if for "aristocrats" we substitute "land-owners"; and therein the autocracy has committed as fatal a blunder as any in its long list of errors and sins of the last three years. Whatever real justification the Government may have possessed against the liberal elements, it could derive only from its vaunted rôle of sole champion of the peasants, that vast silent majority of which we hear so much. At least there was some appearance of reason, when the Government argued that the Jew must not be emancipated lest he devour the helpless *mujik;* the Armenian and the Celt and the Lett and Pole must be kept down lest they destroy the political fabric built up by the same Russian *mujik.* In other words, the broad backs of eighty-five million peasants were, for a time at least, still solid foundation enough for the support of the throne. But when the Government, by partially or completely disfranchising the peasant, deliberately cuts away its own historic underpinning, and attempts to build on a new and narrow foundation of landlordism, it is apparent that the task of the revolutionists must be greatly facilitated.

We have got out of the habit of thinking of Portugal as a country prone to revolutions. It would almost seem, too, as if King Carlos and his Prime Minister had also forgotten their national history. Otherwise, they could scarcely have expected that their attempt to govern without a Parliament would not provoke such bloody outbreaks as those in Lisbon. The world has seen many attempts to rule "by decree," as it is now sought to rule the Portuguese. Some of them have succeeded. Bismarck carried the thing through for a time in Prussia, but he had a compact and powerful military organization behind him; and even for Bismarck the process involved great hazard. He himself said that, if he had failed, he would have paid the penalty with his life. King Charles of England made a similar effort to get on without a Parliament; but as Lincoln said, when that Constitutional struggle was cited to him, he didn't know much about English history, but he was very clear that, somehow, the King lost his head. The King of Portugal is aware that his name in English would be spelled Charles.

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UPHOLDING LAW AND ORDER.

By an odd coincidence, two political Radicals in office, John Morley in England, and Georges Clemenceau in France, have lately been at the same time applying the most rigid means within the power of the Government to put down violent attacks upon the constituted authorities. Clemenceau's fate, in this particular, has seemed peculiarly malign. Having made his career as a man of the most popular sympathies, advanced and even Socialistic in his creed, a vigorous writer in behalf of the rights of the people, and a flaming orator against oppression, his Ministry has been one long succession of riotous outbreaks by strikers and of stern repression by his orders. The coal-miners of the North, the bakers and municipal electricians and others in Paris, finally the hot-blooded children of the Midi—all have found their former *compagnon*, Clemenceau, as hard as iron to the appeals of disturbers of the peace, and ready to employ the last soldier of the republic to maintain order. It probably will be the political death of Clemenceau, sooner or later; but he has stood to his task with admirable courage and firmness.

Across the Channel, John Morley's difficulty has been, if not so serious, yet not unlike in principle. It was again the case of a philosophic radical called to actual power and, when confronted with sedition, putting it down as relentlessly as any autocrat. As Secretary for India, Mr. Morley had to face in the Northwest a condition which was one of acute incitement to riot, and, in a few cases, of overt acts of violence. Without hesitation, this disciple of Mill, this biographer of Rousseau and Cobden, utilized the most stringent means within his power to make an example of the offenders and to restore security to the troubled districts. He even resorted to an old and long-unused power, and, by administrative order, and without a trial, sent out of the country the ringleader in sedition, Lala Rajpat Rai. And this course, which superficially appears so much like the *lettre de cachet* or the methods of a Russian chief of police, Mr. Morley, the Radical, defended in the Commons with the utmost coolness. He simply spoke with convincing earnestness of his overwhelming sense of responsibility, to the people of India and of England alike, for the preservation of order, and of his determination to uphold it at all hazards. When questioned sharply as to the evidence upon which he had proceeded, he squarely refused to give it to the House, on the ground that it would be prejudicial to the public interest, and said proudly: "I must really ask my honorable friend to accept it from me that I am very unlikely to make statements on the floor of this House without having provided myself with fair and reasonable confirmation."

The two instances—Clemenceau and Morley—fall very happily together to show that the instinct for political order is strengthening. Let freedom broaden as it may, still there is the fundamental rule of all discussion and all theorizing and all experimentation, that the peace must be kept. That is the only way in which the game can be fairly played. Those who are beaten must take their defeat in as good part as possible, and hope for better luck next time; they must not be allowed to smash the windows and break up the furniture. And Governments are more and more perceiving it to be one of their prime duties to act as an umpire, with the police at his back, to see to it that even political agitation shall be done decently and in order. The flamboyant Clemenceau is in this at one with the cold and critical Morley.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that this principle of holding everybody to the weapons and rules of peace cries out peculiarly for enforcement in the realm of labor troubles. Offences of that kind are bound to come in our modern industrialism. With workingmen increasing in mass and in consciousness of power, it was inevitable that they should combine and endeavor to better themselves. No one objects to that. But the root conception of all social order, as of all government, must not be cut through in the act. Let labor unions do what they please, so long as it be peaceable and not destructive of the rights of other laboring men; but let it be understood that they take to open rioting or secret outrages at their peril. Fortunately, in this sphere, too, executives are everywhere showing that they bear not the sword in vain. This country has had its lesson in both kinds. We have seen the unchecked Pittsburgh riots; and we have seen, on the other hand, a Gov. Rusk and a Gov. Flower turning the military force of the State against lawless strikers; and we are well persuaded which is the more excellent way.

Right here lies the chief significance of the great trial at Boisé. It is intended, primarily, to determine who was guilty of a particular murder; but looming over all is the issue of organized lawlessness within the State. If a body of men, under whatever name, professing whatever aim, can defy the laws, and substitute the bludgeon and poison and the bomb for argument and votes, then it is high time for the authorities to exert their full power to bring them to book. If the Western Federation of Miners has done one-tenth of the things alleged in the evidence at Boisé, it should feel the hand of the Government upon it as heavy as any rioter in India or revolutionary in the Midi.

MENDING THE LORDS.

Campbell-Bannerman's long-expected resolution, looking towards a curtailment of the powers of the House of Lords, was introduced in the Commons on Monday. He has spoken of it as only a "preface to a volume." By that he meant that his resolution would be followed up, in due time, by a bill; and that, if the Lords did not show themselves amenable to mild pressure, sterner measures would be resorted to, and, finally, an appeal taken to the country on the sole and direct issue between the Commons and the Upper Chamber.

All this is certainly very moderate. It accords with the Premier's cautious Scotch nature. He is averse to doing too much thundering in the index. It is a question, however, whether his party does not need just now a little more thundering. The dispatches report dissatisfaction among the militant Liberals and the Radicals, though they will, of course, support the Prime Minister. They would have preferred, it is clear, a louder battle-cry. The initial step of Sir Henry is too tentative and uncertain to please them. All the machinery which he proposes for a conference between the two Houses, on bills in dispute, with references back and repassing, seems to them cumbrous and slow. In their present state of disappointment and impaired prestige, they would have hailed a fighting leadership; and many of them will doubtless be tempted to say, in the reputed words of Bishop Atterbury, that stout Jacobite who wanted himself to proclaim James III. at Charing Cross: "Here is the finest cause in Europe lost for want of spirit."

Few thoughtful and impartial Englishmen deny that the House of Lords is in need of reform of some kind. Proposals to create life peers have come from the side of the Conservatives themselves. Lord Newton brought forward in the gilded chamber itself, only a few weeks ago, a plan to introduce fresh blood and make the Lords a more tolerable legislative assembly. At present it is, confessedly, not that. It is even more true to-day than it was when Bagehot wrote, that "the House of Lords on most days looks so unlike what it ought to be, that most people will not believe it is what it ought to be." That is, a handful of peers dawdle in; the Chancellor takes his seat on the woolsack at 4:45; a bill or two is droned through; a question or two is asked of the Government; and at 5:15 the House rises. This is not a travesty of the ordinary legislative record of the Lords. While the Commons are working, the Lords are idling. It is only on great occasions, critical divisions, that the whips gather in the peers to a real debate and an actual vote. Then they come trooping in from every corner of Europe, many of them actually unknown by

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sight to the doorkeepers of the House. One of these officials stopped a noble lord, at the time when Gladstone's Irish bill was to be thrown out, and when, to get a great majority, the preserves and watering places were combed fine, and asked him, "Are you a peer?" The answer illustrated the view taken of high legislative functions by too many charged with them. It was: "Do you think that, if I was not, I would come to this d——d hole?"

It was this spectacle of neglect and inefficiency that most appalled Bagehot. He thought the Lords were less in danger of "rough destruction" than of "inward decay." His prediction was:

> If most of its members neglect their duties; if all its members continue to be of one class, and that not quite the best; if its doors are shut against genius that cannot found a family and ability which has not five thousand a year—its power will be less year by year, and at last be gone, as so much kingly power is gone, no one knows how. Its danger is not assassination, but atrophy; not abolition, but decline.

But, in recent times, the Lords have added gross partisanship to laziness and disregard of duty as a real revising Chamber. For at least twenty years, the House of Lords has been nothing but an annex of the Conservative party. When the latter is in power, the Lords abdicate their functions. They accept obediently whatever legislation the Commons may send up. It is only Liberal bills that they feel it a duty to scrutinize, to amend, or to reject. Thus any Liberal Government exists only on sufferance. In its large measures of legislation, it is at the mercy of the Lords. This humiliating and irritating state of things has been more pronounced in recent years than ever. Mr. Balfour tells the Lords how to vote on all important bills. He almost openly uses the Upper House as a mere pawn in party warfare. Indeed, he boasts of the power he has, through the Lords, to checkmate a Liberal Ministry. At the great Unionist demonstration in Queen's Hall the other day, he said: "Our strength, if it be small in the House of Commons, is great elsewhere." Everybody knew what he meant by "elsewhere"—the House of Lords, where the Unionists count on the acquiescence of their puppets. And Lord Lansdowne said arrogantly in a speech on the land-reform bill, "We will not permit" so and so, meaning that the Lords would thwart the Commons, even though the latter spoke in overwhelming voice both for itself and the nation. It is this sort of intolerably partisan use of one House of Parliament which the Prime Minister denounced yesterday, and against it proposed to set a Constitutional and electoral agitation at work.

Success, if it come at all, will not be attained by waging the contest merely on abstract principle. General talk about the abuse of the bicameral system, or the need of a revising body, will not move Englishmen. They need some tangible grievance, some gross injustice, to stir their blood; and unless the Liberals produce one, nothing will be done. If, however, the Lords, in some pitch of haughtiness, should reject a bill on which the mass of the people had set their hearts, then, indeed, Campbell-Bannerman could go out and set the heather on fire. But till such an opportunity comes, he and his party will probably go on marking time.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUESTION.

It appears that no sooner is our Japanese "war" over than we are to have one with England. Sensible people will expect it to be equally bloodless—though, unhappily, not inkless. That the London *Standard* should even hint at the possibility of hostilities growing out of the dispute over the Newfoundland fisheries, is one sign more that a part of the press is not yet civilized. When two men who have got beyond the barbarian stage have differences, they do not fall to clubbing and shooting, but look for some means of friendly adjustment, or settlement in a court of justice. So will nations also act, if they do not wish to be called savage; and the habit of some newspapers recklessly to suggest war shows that Shelley did not make his statement complete. He called war "the statesman's game," as well as "the priest's delight, the lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade," but he did not foresee that it might become the amusement of the sensational journalist in a dull season.

The controversy is undoubtedly important. This is because very grave questions of international law are involved. The proper interpretation of the Treaty of 1818 is concerned, as is also the question whether American fishermen in Newfoundland waters are subject to the local jurisdiction, together with the further question of the true relation of the British Government to a self-governing colony. Thus it is not, as some appear to suppose, a wretched quarrel about a parcel of frozen herring. The practical issues at stake are trifling. Looking merely at the real value of the fisheries, it would be better that the whole should be surrendered by either country than that the fearful destruction of war should be hazarded. This is the position consistently taken by Sir Robert Bond, Premier of Newfoundland. In his speech in London, the other day, before the West Indian Club, he said that if it was all a mere squabble about a few fish, neither he nor his Government would have anything to do with it. But there was a great Constitutional question involved, affecting every colony in the Empire. "To put it briefly, the American Government had taken the position that they were not amenable to the municipal laws of Newfoundland when they came within the jurisdiction of the colony to exercise their privileges under treaty. He and his Government had protested in the strongest terms against the admission of that principle, but he regretted to say that last year the colony was not upheld in its demand."

The history of this thorny question has been subjected to minute analysis by Judge Thomas Hodgins of Canada, in the last *Contemporary*. By the citations he there makes from the official correspondence of the United States Department of State and the British Foreign Office, it becomes clear that the attitude of neither Government has been entirely consistent. No Secretary on either side has, of course, ever admitted that there could be any doubt of our right, under the Treaty, "to take fish of every kind" in certain defined parts of Newfoundland waters. But are our fishermen, when in those waters, subject to the colonial laws? For years, the English Government maintained, and ours admitted, that they were. Secretary Marcy in 1856, writing of "certain acts" of Colonial Legislatures, said that it was "reasonable and desirable that both the United States and British fishermen should pay a like respect to such laws"; and, accordingly, he stated that "the observance of them is enforced upon the citizens of the United States." In 1870 our Secretary of the Treasury took a similar position. Secretary Bayard, in 1886, assured the British Government that "everything will be done by the United States to cause their citizens, engaged in fishing, . . . to prevent an infraction of the fishery laws of the British Provinces."

A different line, however, was taken by Secretary Evarts at the time of the Fortune Bay disturbances in 1878, and has since been followed by Secretary Root. Their position, which they argue with great astuteness, is that the Treaty of 1818 grants absolute and sweeping rights with which the local jurisdiction can in no way whatever interfere. They contest stoutly the authority of Newfoundland to make any fishing regulations which shall be binding upon American fishermen in Newfoundland waters. Even the Sunday laws, our two Secretaries set at defiance. Mr. Evarts denied roundly that "our fishing fleet is subject to the Sunday laws of Newfoundland"; and Mr. Root has declared that "the Government of the United States cannot recognize the authority of Great Britain to determine whether American citizens shall fish on Sunday." He bases this upon his doctrine that the Treaty granted "a perpetual right," the exercise of which "this Government cannot permit to be subject to the will of the colony of Newfoundland." On the

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similar stand of Mr. Evarts, Hall's "International Law" said in its fifth edition: "It was contended that the simple grant to foreign subjects of a right to enjoy certain national property, in common with the subjects of the state, carried with it, by implication, an entire surrender, in so far as such national property was concerned, of one of the highest rights of sovereignty, viz., the right of legislation. That the American Government should have put forward such a claim is scarcely intelligible." The present difficulty between Newfoundland and the Home Government arose when the Foreign Office departed from its own precedents and suspended the application of local laws to American fishermen, pending an adjustment of the whole question by a new treaty. Meanwhile, a *modus vivendi* was agreed upon, which it is now proposed to extend for another year.

The points in debate are nice ones, plainly. Jurists and statesmen have differed upon the law governing in the affair. But this makes the case precisely of the kind which it has been agreed to refer to the Hague Tribunal, in the event that the parties could not come to an amicable adjustment. Secretary Root would be the first to urge a submission of our claims to that Tribunal, before proceeding to extremities, or even to threats; so that the talk of war growing out of the Newfoundland dispute is preposterous nonsense.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S REFORMS.

The President of Princeton University is not content with raising large sums of money for his institution and erecting many new buildings. He has an altogether praiseworthy desire to try new educational experiments based on experience in other countries. Two years ago he introduced, with very little fuss and feathers, the preceptorial system; that is, he employed a large number of young instructors to supervise the work of the students and generally interest them in their studies. With this system still in the experimental stage, Mr. Wilson boldly tackles the problem of undergraduate societies, from which many a college president has recoiled in dismay, and announces his plan to establish quadrangles, that is, little self-contained colleges within the university, after the manner of Oxford and Cambridge.

President Wilson would not, of course, claim any originality for his latest undertaking. More than twelve years ago President Eliot suggested that the manifold problems which have come with the growth and prosperity of our American universities might be solved by building up colleges within each university. At least, he said, the experiment was worth trying, and it was with this idea in mind that he endeavored to bring about the removal to Harvard of Tufts College, that little institution which flourishes within sight of the tower of Memorial Hall. So in the negotiations with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology he wished the Institute to have its own grounds, and retain so far as possible its own identity after amalgamation with the Lawrence Scientific School. Now it appears that Princeton is to be the first to try the experiment, and not by inducing smaller institutions to affiliate with it, but by developing quadrangles of dormitories in which undergraduates "shall eat as well as lodge, and in which they shall, under the direction of a member of the faculty, regulate their own corporate life by some simple method of self-government." As in the English universities, there is to be a common living room and dining hall, and men of all four classes are to reside together.

This is obviously a blow at the college class system, which is already tottering at Harvard, and can hardly be said to exist at the University of Chicago. The real objective of President Wilson's plan is, frankly, to bring faculty and students into close connection and bind the whole university together by that common consciousness which comes from close social contact, and "to rid the university of combinations, cliques, and social organizations." It is a purer and better democracy that he desires, as well as the restoration of that personal influence of teacher over student so very valuable, and yet now so nearly lost at our larger universities. In this aim everybody who believes in the democratic mission of our colleges and their great equalizing influence must sympathize with Mr. Wilson. It has been quite serious enough to see class distinctions arising in all parts of the country by reason of wealth, or for other causes. If such tendencies cannot be checked at our colleges, if our universities are merely to reproduce within their walls the glaring contrasts between great wealth and extreme poverty, then it is indeed time for serious counsel. The dangers are apparent enough in our rich Eastern colleges, and are beginning to be felt in the Western. Hence the immediate need of such experimenting as Princeton is to undertake.

Confirmation of this is found in the fact that the University of Wisconsin, one of the very best of our State institutions, is also bent on building up a residential life by means of halls, with their own dining rooms and commons. But instead of turning to the quadrangle, President Van Hise, as John Corbin points out in the current *Saturday Evening Post*, is planning a long series of halls around a single large yard or campus. That is, however, of less importance than Wisconsin's discovery that even in one of the most democratic of our universities the influence of fraternities is wholly undemocratic. They claim, of course, to select only representative men, but, as Mr. Corbin says, "the line between the fraternity and non-fraternity elements is sharp, and the strife keen." Inevitably, there are jealousies and ill-feeling, for, aside from the hurts which invariably follow the drawing of any lines, it is obvious that, among 2,000, "many good fellows and potentially good athletes are never discovered." The evil permeates all our colleges. There are protests against it at Yale; at Harvard the club evil is, perhaps, most serious, and the Harvard Union is a partially successful effort to grapple with it by giving a club to all. But faculty and president, corporation and overseers, make no headway against it, while the erection of costly and luxurious dormitories intensifies the evil, as have the expensive club or chapter houses at Princeton and Williams.

It would be idle to affirm that President Wilson's plan is a cure-all. The quadrangle plan has obvious weaknesses, against which measures would soon have to be taken. Thus, if residence is to be secured by election by those living in each quadrangle, these sub-colleges might merely reproduce the chapter-house evils on a larger scale. But Mr. Wilson's protest is heartily to be acclaimed, none the less. If our young Americans are to get the greatest benefits from college life, it will be because they stand on their own merits in the multitude in which they find themselves, and not because the weak or the partially developed find shelter or shielding within a charmed circle of a couple of dozen of their own kind.

THE NEW BOSTON MUSEUM.

The long-expected plans of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts have now been published. The trustees judiciously took their time. To create a new type of art museum is a work that cannot be done overnight. Five years have been spent in the attempt to develop, through comparative study and scientific investigations, a museum which shall be cognizant of every tradition, and yet independent of all. A set of thorough and brilliantly simple designs is the outcome. The architectural and engineering problems involved in a great popular art museum have, for the first time, apparently, been studied from every conceivable angle. From the conscientiousness of the trustees of the museum in Boston, other American communities will benefit; for such a project, assumed by competent professional architects in co-operation with intelligent amateurs, necessarily sets a standard for emulation, if not for imitation.

Just how adequate a solution has been reached, by the architect of the Museum of Fine Arts, of the primary problems

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of segregation of departments, separation of collections into "exhibition series" and "study series," the free circulation of crowds, and the proper lighting of exhibits, is doubtless to be proved only by use. The new museum, at all events, based upon what has come to be known as "the Boston idea," will not fail through being illogical. A rotunda on the main floor, reached directly by an easy ascent from the entrance, is the architectural *clou* of the plan. All the larger circuits include it. Lesser circuits make possible a complete survey of any single department without setting foot in any other. Beneath each series of galleries, on the main or upper floor, and connected by staircases and elevator service, is the corresponding series of study-rooms and storerooms. The design throughout is logical; it seemingly should be usable.

The architectural embodiment of the plan is formal, serious, dignified. The Ionic columns are a concession to the neo-classicism of the day. Both the initial installation and the completed group will have the impressiveness that belongs to large physical dimensions, the human interest that attaches to very evident adaptation of construction to functional needs. Picturesque the museum will not be. Artistically it is open, of course, to objections applying to all perfectly symmetrical architecture, particularly when it is projected upon steel framework, with its rigidly mechanical spacings. The ideal housing for the collections of an art museum would perhaps be a series of comparatively small buildings, each of distinctive character, constructed of hand-dressed stone or hand-hewn timber. The background thus created would add charm to exhibits which suffer in the conditions of the ordinary art museum, however logically designed. But next best is the frankly neutral and unobtrusive kind which makes the best use possible of steel and concrete, contenting itself with being simple and unpretentious as regards details that cannot be positively beautiful.

A museum designed to secure the comfort of all classes of visitors will normally become an important civic centre. The man in the rusty black cutaway has become an object of especial solicitude. Wife and children he religiously takes to the art museum at least once a year on a Sunday afternoon. How to induce him to come more frequently, how to interest and not to weary him, is a problem full of technical difficulties. For him the allurements of landscape gardening in the forecourt, and other approaches of the museum. There are shady nooks for the polyglot population, and seats along the drives and pathways. Within the building broad avenues of circulation and other arrangements make the sightseeing easy. In the distribution of collections the habits of the perambulating crowd have been studied—its way of turning always to right rather than to left; its avoidance of small objects and dark corners. In German museums observation has shown that if entrance to a gallery and egress from it are by doors facing each other at opposite ends of one wall, the visitors walk along that side only, neglecting the other walls of the room. Many other apparently trivial facts of *mob psychology are worth taking into* account when a great place of popular resort is planned.

The procession of people through an art museum on a free day is at best a solemn function. Only the Italians have the audacity to be exuberant. Only the gamin grows voluble from the discovery, through inspection of a group of ivory cubes, that the ancient Egyptians, too, played craps. For the most part, pleasures connected with the static arts are taken soberly, if not sadly. What best can be done—as has been done in Boston—is to trace the causes of "museum fatigue" and, as far as possible, to eliminate them. Even infelicitous proportions in the lines of a gallery may give sense of weariness. The color of backgrounds has its effect in tiring or stimulating the perceptions. Objects must not be crowded together, as in an antique shop or in the Jarves collection at New Haven, but must be separated one from another by reasonable allowance of space. The lighting, whether from overhead or from the side, must be just right; elaborate experimental studies conducted in the interest of the Boston Museum have determined principles by which what is right may be readily ascertained. All that is publicly shown in such a museum is of the best; and, if the man from the street becomes interested in the exhibitions of a particular department, quiet, well-lighted study rooms and the assistance of a trained curator await him on the floor directly beneath.

Once art collections were a property of the royal palace. Now they belong to King Demos. The form taken by the Boston Museum is not, however, extreme in its recognition of the duty to be popular. It stops short of the radicalism of some of the more advanced "musæologists" of Europe and this country. It has not undertaken inordinately to broaden its field. Prudent and practical counsels prevailed in Boston. A civic centre of the graphic arts is all that is attempted.

A focus of professional as well as popular interest in the arts will have been provided when the first installation of the Museum of Fine Arts is opened two years hence. The covered courts of the museum will give opportunity for special exhibitions of a character such as no other American cities, except Washington and Pittsburgh, now have. Local associations, like the Copley Society and the Society of Arts and Crafts, may henceforth give their art shows under more favorable circumstances than ever before. The adjacent art school will centralize the student life of the city at the museum, and the tendency of Harvard to move "in town" will increase the educational usefulness of the collections. A new type of art museum has been evolved; as a part of the new university of the Fenway it will be tested under exceptionally favorable auspices.

A MARTIAN GOSPEL.

The long philosophical poem by Mr. Edward Henry Clement, read before the alumni of Tufts College, and entitled "The Gospel from Mars," is an encouraging sign. It shows that the muse still haunts our academic groves. Yet recent search through the periodicals published at American universities has revealed a dearth of poetry. Not even love, apparently, longer inspires undergraduates to write verses, and of the *indignatio* that makes them, they seemingly have little. But in Mr. Clement we discern the making of a New World Lucretius, or at least an incipient André Chenier; and he is plainly a man of university training. As befits a work which deals with cosmic problems, his is in blank verse. It was, says the author in the opening lines, at Tufts College that he learned of other worlds than ours, when he "first caught the goodly sphere of earth"—a figure which appears to be borrowed from the ball-field. The poet shows his appreciation by returning to his alma mater, and giving her the results achieved by contemplating the planet Mars; so

> Let Science then lend ear while Poetry
> Interprets wireless tidings flashed from Mars.

He reminds us that one Italian, Columbus, discovered America; that another Italian, Galileo, devised a telescope, "though his tube was but a reed compared with Lowell's yard-wide, light-beam net"; and that still a third, Schiaparelli, "called the lines he caught" on Mars, "canali." Our poet then proceeds to explain the origin and development of the Cosmos. How do we know, he inquires, "that the sun holds us enmeshed with all our sister worlds"? To those of us who did not know the fact, it is interesting to learn that it is because Nature is subject to law; that man with his godlike reason walks over the earth's crust, from which issue occasionally bursts of volcanic fire. These recall to us the planet's fiery origin, for the earth came from seething vapor, then was changed into water, became a "formless ooze," out of which emerged "drifting disks," minnows, and sea monsters. In time,

> To fins succeeded feet, out on dry land
> Life crawled at last—and struggled up to Man.

That gives a clear account of the "whence"; and a view of the "whither"

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is also vouchsafed us. Mars being much older than the earth, is much drier. Life on its surface is more difficult. People there have had to "get together," as it were, and dig Schiaparelli's canals. That which has befallen Mars and its inhabitants must one day befall this terrestrial globe and ourselves. What the Martians have already done, we should do. Such is the poet's inspiring thesis. He admits that "the era of canals begins on earth," as he mentions Suez and Panama, though strangely silent concerning the Welland and the Delaware and Raritan canals. The past of one planet tells the future of the other. Our own earth is fast becoming a desert, so we should attend to the matter while there is time, and, like the Martians, dig more energetically. No smiling optimist should divert us from this important task. Earth may be still so young that we can recall the Bagdad of Haroun-al-Raschid, and the vale.

> Where nightingales could hop from tree to tree
> Or cats walk roofs from Kashgar to the sea.

But earth will soon be a desert. Fortunately, before it is too late, the newest vehicles of travel are at hand, and we may accompany the poet on a tour through Mars, and come to close quarters with its gospel. He summons us thus:

> Come scale with me o'er Mars's yellow sands
> Mount in our aeroplane or gyroscope.

In this way we have a view of the ruined civilization in that distant region; and a vivid idea is gained of what will happen when the earth dries up. Of the smiling doubter, the poet sternly inquires: "Think you that the water syndicate would corner long the world's life-giving store?" The syndicate might seize the canals; but if these are to become dry, why should men take the trouble to dig them? It will go hard with vested interests in that coming day—as also with "the facile press" and "hireling jurists." They will be "the first muck to be swept away"; indeed, the last water left on earth shall do the sweeping. But moral improvement will come with the disappearance of water. It has already begun. Society will be reorganized when "love checks lust," "competition strives in service, and all that any have shall be for all."

The gospel from Mars is opposed to Darwinism. Survival of the fittest, according to the poet, means survival of the highest in mind and soul.

> We have outgrown the reddened tooth and claw,
> The strenuous life of anthropoidal apes,
> That grin and chatter platitudes outworn,
> And pelt Peace Congresses with cocoanuts.

But is not that a dangerous mixture of *lèse-majesté* and nature faking?

The Tufts alumni were made to understand that the hope for those on this drying earth lies not in religion, for we "have outgrown the dogma and the creed"; nor in a pulpit that "preaches rebates," nor in the universities which foster privilege, but in the "gospel sent by the living Mars." Mr. Clement's poem would have to be laid aside until cool weather, as its effect on the reader is that of a blast from Sahara, were it not for its concluding lines, wherein the author "steps out" of his library upon the wet grass, looks up at the sky and sees Mars set. That passage makes pleasant summer reading. But we fear that into the poet's brain, while his attention was fixed on the distant canals, may have stolen unwittingly the beams of the moon, with their well-known unhappy effect.

CHESTERFIELD.—I.

A "Life of Lord Chesterfield"* devoted almost exclusively to the political career of that arbiter of elegancies might seem to promise an oddly distorted portrait. Yet from any point of view we may welcome Mr. Craig's careful, if ill-composed, work. It will at least do something to modify the contemptuous ignorance which passes commonly for a judgment of his lordship, and which, for one reason or another, has overtaken most of the men who fought in the Opposition to that right British master, Sir Robert Walpole. And a sober consideration of his career brings also a new element into our opinion of his Letters. We are likely to look with more lenience on his reiterated preaching of politeness and superficial address when we remember that in active life he himself played an honorable and manly part. The second member of his favorite motto, *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, assumes a just proportion to the first by a comparison of his acts with his words.

Philip Dormer Stanhope, the fourth Earl of Chesterfield, came of a distinguished house, so ancient that he could safely ridicule the vanity of birth by setting up portraits of Adam and Eve de Stanhope in his family gallery, and by calling it, in one of his *World* papers, "the child of Pride and Folly, coupled together by that industrious pander Self-love." He was born in St. James's Square, London, in 1694. His father, the third Earl, seems to have been more distinguished by stubbornness than any other quality; being a strong Jacobite, he punished his heir's Hanoverian tendencies by cutting his allowance down to five hundred pounds a year, and, for his other traits, we may suppose that Swift exaggerated a little when he wrote: "If it be old Chesterfield, I have heard he was the greatest knave in England." The son lived not at home, but with his maternal grandmother, the excellent Marchioness of Halifax, who indulged his bent and kept him out of school until, at the age of eighteen, he was entered at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Here apparently he combined the studious and the rakish life, with a predominance of the former. At any rate, he steeped himself in the Classics, and began that discipline in the precise use of language, which made him one of the first masters of English. His method of study he explained later to his son: "So long ago as when I was at Cambridge, whenever I read pieces of eloquence (and indeed they were my principal study), whether ancient or modern, I used to write down the shining passages, and then translate them as well and as elegantly as ever I could; if Latin or French, into English; if English, into French." At nineteen he left the university, if we may believe his own words, as precious a pedant as ever went up to London: when he talked best, he talked Horace; his wit was to quote Martial, and his notion of a fine gentleman to follow Ovid. He never forgave the university for sending him out with this tincture of scholasticism, and his unrelenting rancor inclines one to believe that his accounts of a blundering start in society are not a commonplace fiction for pointing a moral. And indeed, as his perfected manners were the polish of a sensitive egotism, it is natural that his entrance upon the world should have been marked by an awkward self-consciousness. He would not permit his son to go either to Cambridge or Oxford. His letters speak of the universities always with hatred and contempt, and one of his journalistic portraits of a boor repeats the theme: "As he had resided long in college, he had contracted all the habits, prejudices, the laziness, the soaking, the pride, and the pedantry of a cloister, which after a certain time are never to be rubbed off."

It need not be said that Chesterfield soon rubbed off his *mauvaise honte* by contact with the world. For some years he served in the lower house of Parliament with indifferent success. At the age of thirty-one he succeeded to the earldom by the death of his father, and began his real career, being better fitted by temperament and education for influence among the Lords than among the Commons. Two periods in his political activity stand out prominently: his mission as ambassador to The Hague from 1728 to 1732, and his viceroyalty of Ireland in 1745-6; in both which offices he showed undoubted ability. At The Hague, where the tangled dynastic relations of Europe were debated, he kept his head and maintained the honor of England—and no man could do more. To Ireland he gave for eight memorable months a happy government, showing a peculiar sympathy for that tormented people. Some of his best-known witticisms come from Dublin, and his wit, together with his firm tolerance, was an important element in his success. "I would much rather," he once said, "be distinguished and remembered by the name of the *Irish Lord-Lieutenant* than by that of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland." Again, at a critical moment, when a Castle official brought him word in the morning that "the people of Connaught were actually rising," he first gravely consulted his watch and then replied with composure: "Well, it is nine o'clock, and certainly time for them to rise; I therefore believe your news to be true." In the interval between his residence at The Hague and in Dublin he was, until Walpole's downfall in 1742, a member of the cabal, which led the Opposition and gave hostility to that minister the name of Patriotism. Chesterfield's part in the political game was an active, but not a leading, one. He had neither the virulent pen nor the personal weight of Bolingbroke; he could not intrigue with the trim-

* *Life of Lord Chesterfield.* An account of the Ancestry, Personal Character, and Public Services of the Fourth Earl of Chesterfield. By W. H. Craig. New York: John Lane Co. 1907.

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ming Pulteney, or contend against the domineering, gusty Carteret; but he wrote and spoke much, and took his part in the harrying of the great Parliamentary boar. After his return from Ireland, he was for a while secretary of state in the Broad-bottom ministry of the Pelhams, but gradually dropped out of the arena into the quiet of a valetudinary old age that fluttered between the magnificent library of Chesterfield House in South Audley Street and his gardens and *Babiole* at Blackheath. "I am now, for the first time in my life," he writes to an old friend in 1753, "impatient for the summer, that I may go and hide myself at Blackheath and converse with my vegetables *d'égal à égal* which is all that a deaf man can pretend to. . . . The place agrees with my health and becomes my present situation. It employs my eyes, my own legs, and my horse's agreeably without having any demand upon my ears, so that I almost forget sometimes I have lost them." As for the library in his city house, it was one of the spectacles of London, and still exists, little changed. In 1845, a writer in the *Quarterly Review* thus described,

> What he boasted of as "the finest room in London"—and perhaps even now it remains unsurpassed—his spacious and beautiful library, looking on the finest private garden in London. The walls are covered half-way up with rich and classical stores of literature; above the cases are, in close series, the portraits of eminent authors, French and English, with most of whom he had conversed: Over these and immediately under the massive cornice, extend all round in foot-long capitals the Horatian lines:
>
> Nunc veterum libris. Nunc somno et inertibus horis.
> Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.
>
> On the mantelpiece and cabinets stand busts of old orators, interspersed with voluptuous vases and bronzes, antique or Italian, and airy statuettes in marble or alabaster of nude or semi-nude opera nymphs.

Stoic we may believe the oblivion of the half-cloistered wit, deaf and broken in health, to have been, but jocund never. "Physical ills," he writes, "are the taxes laid upon this wretched life; some are taxed higher, and some lower, but all pay something. My philosophy teaches me to reflect how much higher, rather than how much lower, I might have been taxed." And again: "I read a good deal, and vary occasionally my dead company. I converse with grave folios in the morning, while my head is clearest and my attention strongest; I take up less severe quartos after dinner; and at night I choose the mixed company and amusing chit-chat of octavos and duodecimos. *Je tire parti de tout ce que je puis;* that is my philosophy; and I mitigate, as much as I can, my physical ills by diverting my attention to other objects." It is the *savoir vieillir*, the bland resignation of the man of the world, such as we meet in page after page of the letters of Horace Walpole, like Chesterfield, old and gouty: "Visions are the consolation of life; it is wise to indulge them, unless one builds on them as realities. Our dreams are almost at an end! Mine are mixed with pain; yet I think it does not make me peevish. I accept with thankfulness every hour in which I do not suffer. I am not impatient for the moment that will terminate both anguish and cheerfulness, and I endeavor to form my mind to resigning the first with gratitude, and the latter with submission." The visions of Chesterfield, we may fancy, were more solid than those of the epicure of Strawberry Hill. He had seen the great world, and knew men and manners. From those perpetual friends, his books, he could turn to memory of Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope, in whose company, as he wrote, he used to feel in society as much above himself as if he had been with all the princes in Europe. The quarrels and reconciliations of those mighty wits, no doubt, he reflected upon much, as also upon the coarser battles of the politicians, including the relentless Lord Bolingbroke. Much, too, he must have thought of the flutter of more effeminate society, and of his own reputation as the glass of form, given so grudgingly by his rivals, won with such pains to himself. There was a world of recollections to occupy the gouty and somewhat lonely old gentleman in his chair.

We can almost see him in his library by his garden window, a frail and uncomely figure, the eyes, beneath the bushy high-arched brows, large and touched with pain; the mouth small and lifted in a half-kindly, half-cynical smile; the chin heavy, but rounded to a point. So Gainsborough painted him, and so the face appears, not without nobility and power, in most of the memoirs of the day. But the voice was shrill and the body curiously awkward. Plain-speaking George II. calls him a "dwarf baboon," and handsome Hervey, Pope's "white curd of ass's milk," who has no love for his person or respect for his morals, will not even allow any dignity to the countenance:

> With a person as disagreeable as it was possible for a human figure to be without being deformed, he affected following many women of the first beauty and the most in fashion; and, if you would have taken his word for it, not without success; whilst in fact and in truth he never gained any one above the venal rank of those whom an Adonis or a Vulcan might be equally well with, for an equal sum of money. He was very short, disproportioned, thick, and clumsily made; had a broad [it is narrow in the portraits], rough-featured, ugly face, with black teeth [he alludes himself to this defect], and a head big enough for a Polyphemus. One Ben Ashurst, who said few good things, though admired for many, told Lord Chesterfield once that he was like a stunted giant—which was a humorous idea and really apposite. Such a thing would disconcert Lord Chesterfield as much as it would have done anybody who had neither his wit nor his assurance on other occasions; for though he could attack vigorously, he could defend but weakly, his quickness never showing itself in reply, any more than his understanding in argument.

Lord Hervey's report of this encounter with Ben Ashurst might be used as a simile of the Parliamentary contest between Chesterfield and Sir Robert. And in other respects the description is something more than gossip; it helps to explain the exaggerated insistence upon form and manner in a man who could leave nothing to nature, but must win his reputation entirely by art. We must remember always that the great Earl, in writing to an ungainly son, had had also his own ungainliness to overcome. And we must remember, too, that his passionate interest in the son's ambition arose in part from a feeling that his own career had fallen short of what his powers promised. He had held office and had won respect as a speaker in Parliament, yet his actual weight in the Government, or against it, was never equal to his capabilities; and of this he seems to have been painfully conscious. We may give various reasons for this partial failure of his ambition, but the truth probably lies in Hervey's caustic words:

> Lord Chesterfield was allowed by everybody to have more conversible entertaining table-wit than any man of his time; his propensity to ridicule, in which he indulged himself with infinite humor and no distinction, and with inexhaustible spirits and no discretion, made him sought and feared, liked and not loved, by most of his acquaintance; no sex, no relation, no rank, no power, no profession, no friendship, no obligation was a shield from those pointed, glittering weapons, that seemed to shine only to a stander-by, but cut deep in those they touched. . . . I remember two lines in a satire of Boileau's that fit him exactly:
>
> Mais c'est un petit fou qui se croit tout permis,
> Et qui pour un bon mot va perdre vingt amis.
>
> And as his lordship, for want of principle, often sacrificed his character to his interest, so by these means he as often, for want of prudence, sacrificed his interest to his vanity.

The truth is his lordship was not much liked or trusted. From the King down he made men feel the inferiority of their minds, and this, in an age when politics were so completely personal, was in itself enough to ruin him. And, besides, he did not play the game. Bribery and corruption were the tools of administration used notoriously by Walpole, as they were in turn by the protesting Patriots; now Chesterfield would not take a bribe, and is one of the few men who came out of public life with clean hands. So much was to his honor and not against his influence, but he had an uncomfortable way of failing to see that other men might pocket their rewards and still be honest within the acknowledged rules of the sport. He lacked apparently the first requisite of political *savoir vivre*, and in this he was coupled with Lord Carteret: "They both of them, too, treated all principles of honesty and integrity with such open contempt that they seemed to think the appearance of those qualities would be of as little use to them as the reality, which must certainly be impolitic, since always to ridicule those who are swayed by such principles was telling all their acquaintance, 'If you do not behave to me like knaves, I shall either distrust you as hypocrites or laugh at you as fools.'" After following Chesterfield's career in all its details and allowing credit to his incorruptibility and his occasional efficiency, one still returns, unfairly it may be, to the judgment of Horace Walpole on reading his Letters: "Yet in all that great character what was there worth remembering but his *bons mots?* . . . from politics he rather escaped well, than succeeded by them"—so dangerous is the reputation for wit.

As a maker of *bons mots*, rather than as a statesman, he moves through the records of the age, and it should seem that people looked for his inevitable witticism at every occurrence in the government or society. So Mrs. Montagu sends to her husband "an admirable *bon mot* of Lord Chesterfield's" on the perplexities of George III. just come to the throne: "He said the King was in doubt whether he should burn Scotch coal [Bute], Pitt coal, or Newcastle coal." And

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Horace Walpole, as part of the regular news of the day, writes to Horace Mann, "two new *bons mots* of his lordship much repeated, better than his ordinary." At another time, after relating an outrageously wicked retort to Mrs. Ann Pitt, Chatham's sister, he breaks out: "What gayety and spirit at seventy-five, and how prettily expressed! It contains the cheerfulness of the wars of the Fronde in France."

On one occasion Chesterfield left the retirement of his library and gardens, and what he then accomplished was the proudest achievement of his life. In 1582 Gregory XIII. had reformed the calendar, and all the countries of Europe, except England, Russia, and Sweden, had adopted the New Style. As a consequence, there were in Chesterfield's day two different methods of reckoning dates, an inconvenience which had been impressed upon him by the difficulties of his correspondence during his embassy to The Hague. In 1751 he had a bill introduced in Parliament by which the year henceforth should begin the 1st January, instead of the 25th March, and the eleven superfluous days should be voided by calling the 3d September, 1752, the 14th. Superstition, habit, and the embarrassment of altering contract dates combined to oppose the bill, but with the aid of Henry Pelham, who was prime minister, and of the Lord Chancellor Macclesfield, it was passed in the end. He was fond of repeating the story of the triumph to his son in that vein of didactic modesty so peculiarly his own. March 18, O. S., 1751, he wrote:

> I was to bring in this bill, which was necessarily composed of law jargon and astronomical calculations, to both of which I am an utter stranger. However, it was absolutely necessary to make the House of Lords think that I knew something of the matter, and also to make them believe that they knew something of it themselves, which they do not. For my own part, I could just as soon have talked Celtic or Sclavonian to them as astronomy, and they would have understood me full as well; so I resolved to do better than speak to the purpose, and to please instead of informing them. I gave them, therefore, only an historical account of calendars, from the Egyptian down to the Gregorian, amusing them now and then with little episodes; but I was particularly attentive to the choice of my words, to the harmony and roundness of my periods, to my elocution, to my action. This succeeded, and ever will succeed: they thought I informed, because I pleased them; and many of them said that I had made the whole very clear to them, when, God knows, I had not even attempted it. Lord Macclesfield, who had the greatest share in forming the bill, and who is one of the greatest mathematicians and astronomers in Europe, spoke afterwards with infinite knowledge and all the clearness that so intricate a matter would admit of; but as his words, his periods, and his utterance, were not near so good as mine, the preference was most unanimously, though most unjustly, given to me.

After this incursion into public life, he returned to valetudinarian ways, preparing himself with tranquil stoicism for the end, ever ready with a jest or a sententious fling at destiny. He reminds one of Franklin, without Franklin's great body and without his imperturbability. "Not so loud," he replied to one who accosted him in the street walking with a friend. "The fact is that Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years, only we don't wish it to be generally known." It is like Franklin's "I seem to have intruded myself into the company of posterity, when I ought to have been abed and asleep." Eight years before his death he was in a mood to write to his son: "I feel the beginning of the autumn, which is already very cold; the leaves are withered, fall apace, and seem to intimate that I must follow them; which I shall do without reluctance, being extremely weary of this silly world." Everybody knows his last words—they are classic—spoken when the *valet de chambre* opened the curtains of his bed and announced his old and well-tried friend: "Give Dayrolles a chair." That act of formal courtesy should be added to the illustrations of Pope's ruling passion strong in death.

He died March 24, 1773, leaving the tradition of his wit to be taken up by such lesser men as George Selwyn, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and Sidney Smith. The letters to his son, which have made him at once famous and infamous to posterity, had been published surreptitiously before his death. They demand treatment at length.

P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The two copies with undated title-page of George Herbert's "The Temple, Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations," one in the Huth library in England, the other in the no less famous library of Robert Hoe in New York, have long been the envy of other collectors. Lowndes gives the date of this undated form as 1631, and says: "A few copies of this, the first and rarest edition, were issued for presentation to the author's friends without date." This date and Lowndes's statement have been frequently copied. The so-called first published edition has a slightly different title, with date 1633. There is also another edition of the same date, having the words "Second Edition" on the title, the types of this being an entirely new resetting. Lowndes's statement that the undated copies were "issued for presentation to the author's friends" was probably merely an opinion based upon the fact that the Brand-Heber-Daniel copy (the only one he had seen), now Mr. Hoe's, was ruled around in red ink and was in a contemporary tooled binding, as is also the Huth copy. This is a reasonable surmise, and it is not at all impossible that Nicholas Ferrar, the editor, did have a few copies ruled up for presentation. But the date 1631 is entirely wrong, and the undated title is almost certainly a later printing. "The Temple" was not printed until after the author's death, which took place the end of February, probably (he was buried March 3), 1633.

We have been permitted to examine the very fine copy in the original sheep-binding of the first edition (with dated title), which sold at Sotheby's for £104 on May 18, 1903, and there can be no doubt that the title-leaf of this copy was the one printed with the first signature, and was not an inserted or substituted leaf. If the titles of the three books (without date, first edition dated 1633, and second edition dated 1633) are placed side by side, it will readily be seen that the more logical position of the undated title-page is between the two first dated editions. The first edition (dated 1633) has, "By Mr. George Herbert." The undated edition and the second edition read alike, "By Mr. George Herbert, late Oratour of the Universitie of Cambridge." The imprint of the first edition is: "Cambridge: Printed by Thom. Buck, and Roger Daniel, printers to the Universitie. 1633." That of the undated edition reads: "Cambridge: Printed by Thomas Buck and Roger Daniel: And are to be sold by Francis Green, stationer in Cambridge." The imprint of the second edition is: Printed by T. Buck, and R. Daniel, printers to the Universitie of Cambridge, 1633. And are to be sold by Fr. Green." To these may be added the imprint of the third edition, which, as given by Hazlitt, is "Printed by T. Buck, and R. Daniel, ... 1634. And are to be sold by Fr. Green."

The fact that the imprint of the first edition contains no bookseller's name, while the two other forms of 1633 and the next edition of 1634 contain the name of a "stationer," would be strong evidence that this was the "privately printed" form, if it were positively known that such an issue did appear. In the same way "By Mr. George Herbert" was sufficient for friends of the author, while to tell strangers that he was "late Oratour of the Universitie of Cambridge" would be likely to help the sale of the book.

Correspondence.

UNPRACTICAL TEACHING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a recent editorial you mention a list of subjects given out in some of the New York schools to young children for investigation, showing your amazement that such broad and difficult topics should be assigned to minds so immature. As a teacher, I was highly gratified to see a journal of your standing take up this pedagogical matter. I fear that our education has suffered because the capable thinking people outside of the schoolroom take so little interest in what is going on within. As a member of the educational system of one of our most important cities, I have seen just such instances of poor judgment in directing the work of pupils, being guilty myself of such mistakes. I am not going to try to shift any blame from my own shoulders when I offer an explanation for this overshooting of the mental ability of young children. But I am convinced that a great deal of it is due to the method of supervision. In every large educational organization in this country that I am at all acquainted with there are numbers of the higher rank who never do any teaching, but who are expected and required generally to inspect it very closely and critically. Of necessity, these persons very soon get up in the clouds, and view the work from this lofty height. They are enthusiastic and ambitious, and many of them very soon lose all connection with practical instruction. Hence, they have no test for their theories, but having the authority they can insist upon their subordinates attempting to put these beautiful notions into actual use.

I fear that you can look for still wilder experiments, as there is a tendency to have more and more employees who do not teach. I see no corrective except a rigid insistence that all should be held responsible for actual steady work with a class, except some half-dozen—not more even in so large an organization as in New York city. I do not mean that they should give full time;

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far from it, as that would destroy their power for initiative and leadership; but I cannot see why they could not give at least three hours a week. This would cover one entire subject in the average high school for one year, or two such in the grammar grades. There is no other substitute for keeping an educational captain's feet on hard mother earth. B. C.

Washington, June 24.

PRESENT CRISIS IN FRANCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Just two years ago I wrote these words: "Falsification of wine is carried on to such an extent that it is almost impossible for grape-growers to make a living." The revolt of four departments of the South is the outcome of these vast frauds, and of the shameless propaganda of alcoholism in France by means of *buvettes* found at every step, so to speak.

It is pretended that this crisis is the result of overproduction. This is not so. More French wine is sold and exported than is produced. It is said that the Genevan authorities threw many hogsheads of manufactured claret into the Rhone last year, and Mr. Lassies affirmed in the Chambers that recently many thousand hectolitres of falsified or manufactured wine were sold to the *assistance publique* at Paris!

Formerly, till within the last twenty-five years, the French drank nothing but their own natural wines, and they were the most temperate people in Europe. To-day more alcohol is consumed in France than anywhere else.

Cities.	Population.	Liquor-sellers.
New York	3,437,000	10,821
Chicago	1,698,000	5,740
London	4,536,000	5,860
Paris	2,661,000	30,000
St. Petersburg	1,500,000	513
Glasgow	760,000	1,430
Washington	270,000	492

What has thus transformed the French nation into an alcoholic people? An enemy hath done it. Those whom M. Brunetière called "les ennemis de l'âme Française" have killed the grape, and debauched the people with alcoholic drinks of the worst kind. The kind of absinthe sold at popular *buvettes* is recognized to be of a most deadly sort. The sale of superior kinds of absinthe has slightly diminished as the richer classes begin to understand the evils it engenders. Some one has said, "divide and reign"; corrupt and reign is the motto of the Judeo-masonic coterie that rules in France. With commerce and shopping paralyzed by a general strike of *inscrits maritimes*, mass meetings of 100,000 to 300,000 winegrowers in revolt, carrying around small guillotines with the inscription "mort aux fraudeurs"—the Government publicly accused of having falsified and suppressed the Montagnini papers sent to the Parliamentary commission itself—to say nothing of a mass meeting of 5,000 Catholics at the Cirque d'Hiver, Paris, a few days ago, one might suppose the French rente would have fallen a little. On the contrary, it climbed up to 95.30 yesterday. Everything is artificial in France. When the collapse comes people will be surprised; and come it must, in spite of the Internationale. Anarchy and incoherence cannot always do duty for Government.

J. Napier Brodhead.

Nice, France, June 4.

GOETHE AND THE THEATRICAL SYNDICATE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Goethe's suggestion that the United States take in hand a Panama Canal (Eckermann, English ed., p. 222), and Mephisto's method of providing paper currency, are instances of anticipation that have more than once been referred to. It is probably less known, however, that the modern theatrical syndicate can find an argument in its favor in Goethe's Conversations. "If I had the management of a theatre now," he writes, "the entire winter should be provided with superior 'stars.' . . . Keep on with your starring, and you will be astounded at the advantage which will result both for the theatre and the public. I foresee a time when a clever man, who knows his business, will take charge of four theatres at once and provide them with stars by turns. And I am confident that he will maintain his hold better than if he had only one."

Abram S. Isaacs.

New York University, June 22.

THE RHYTHM OF "CHRISTABEL."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is more or less customary to refer to Coleridge's fragment "Christabel" as an example of musical verse.

(1.) Is it, or is it not, true that the requirements of rhythm, as applied to metrical composition, are continually violated in this poem?

(2.) Is the general versification therein followed admitted to belong to any form recognized as regular, as established by the masters and by the authorities on this subject? Inquirer.

New York, June 24.

[If the word "regular" is used as applied by the school of Pope, the rhythm of "Christabel" is not regular. It follows, for the most part, the older English four-beat metre, divided into four measures of equal time, but with a varying number of syllables in each measure. Read in this way, the lines are highly mnsical. Coleridge thought his rhythm was an invention of his own, but his originality consisted really in introducing a form, with variations and expansions, which had merely been forgotten.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

Macmillans are issuing a new edition of Louis Einstein's "Italian Renaissance," which has been out of print for some time.

Dr. J. S. Milne has written for the Oxford University Press a long monograph on "Surgical Instruments in Greek and Roman Times." The subject has never before been fully investigated.

A new edition of F. Loraine Petre's "Napoleon's Campaign in Poland" is issued by John Lane Co. A number of illustrations have been added, and constitute the only new feature.

William J. Long's story of "Wayeeses the White Wolf," the *casus belli* with Washington, is reprinted by Ginn & Co. in a separate volume, with all the illustrations as they appeared in "Northern Trails."

"The Memoirs of Madame Ristori," translated by G. Mantellini, will be issued by Doubleday, Page & Co. in August.

Prof. Kuno Francke has brought together a number of his recent magazine papers under the title "German Ideals of To-day" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). As seven of them appeared originally in the *Nation*, it scarcely becomes us to be voluble in praise. The spirit of the book may be summed up, in the words of the Preface, as an attempt to set forth "the concentrated striving of contemporary Germany for the vision of eternal things."

Dr. Berbig, pastor in Neustadt (Koburg), has discovered in the ducal archives the letters of advice sent by the Kurfürst Johann, with various articles to Martin Luther, in 1530. They help to date Luther's letters of that period. They are to be published soon.

A movement has been started at Portsmouth, N. H., to purchase the old home of Thomas Bailey Aldrich on Court Street for a museum. This is the house described in "The Story of a Bad Boy."

Mrs. W. E. H. Lecky would feel very much obliged if those who possess any letters from the late Mr. Lecky, which might be of use as a memoir, would forward them to her, at No. 38 Onslow Gardens, London, S. W. They will be returned in due course.

A committee has been formed to raise subscriptions for a memorial to the late Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes). The purpose is (a) to set up a portrait plaque, in marble or bronze, in University College, London, where she studied; (b) to set up a replica of this in a suitable position in the United States; (c) to establish an annual scholarship in England for the study of modern English literature, and (d) to give a similar scholarship in the United States. The secretary of the committee is Miss Zoë Procter, No. 62 Chester Terrace, Eaton Square, S. W., London.

The committee organized some time ago for purchasing Coleridge's cottage at Nether Stowey reports that sufficient money has been contributed for this purpose, but that £200 is still needed for maintenance.

The Second International Congress for Physical Therapeutics has been called to meet in Rome from the 13th to the 16th of October.

The fourteenth International Congress for Hygiene and Demography meets in Berlin, in the Reichstag building, from the 23d to the 29th of September. Its work will be done in eight sections, and more than one hundred hospitals and similar institutions are to be inspected by the members.

The *Kladderadatsch* of Berlin recently entered upon its sixtieth year, and on this occasion published a jubilee number, in which the customary poem was not lacking. This most notable of German comi-

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cal papers is originally the product of the revolutionary year of 1848, and was founded by David Kalisch in conjunction with the publisher Hofmann. Its present editor is Johannes Trojan.

The first issue of the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*, comes out with a cover red enough to hurt the eyes. The contents are milder. Well-known men of the universities have contributed a series of thoughtful articles showing the general trend of educational ideas. Among the papers is a hitherto unprinted essay of John Stuart Mill's "On Social Freedom."

The *Hibbert Journal*, a quarterly review of religion and philosophy, has been edited by Prof. L. P. Jacks, dean of Manchester College, Oxford, with the assistance of a distinguished board of British scholars. The aim of the magazine has been to establish a bridge of communication between the educated layman on the one hand and the expert scholar on the other. An American advisory board has now been added, consisting of B. W. Bacon, professor of New Testament criticism and exegesis, Yale; William Adams Brown, Roosevelt professor of systematic theology, Union Theological Seminary; Dr. E. B. Craighead, president of the Tulane University of Louisiana; Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, president of the American Unitarian Association; G. H. Howison, professor of philosophy, University of California; C. J. Keyser, Adrain professor of mathematics, Columbia University; A. O. Lovejoy, professor of philosophy, Washington University, St. Louis; A. C. McGiffert, professor of church history, Union Theological Seminary; R. Heber Newton, D.D.; Josiah Royce, professor of the history of philosophy, Harvard; George E. Vincent, professor of sociology, University of Chicago; Dr. R. S. Woodward, president of the Carnegie Institution.

One could not have forseen that so much delightful—in fact, indispensable—information could be added to one's Baedeker as is contained in "Sojourning, Shopping, and Studying in Paris," by Elizabeth Otis Williams (McClurg & Co.). Tourists will do well not to omit it from their handbags.

A noteworthy tribute was paid to the missionaries in the East by the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, colonial secretary in the Balfour Cabinet, at the recent anniversary meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. He said that "during the whole time that he was at the Colonial Office no missionary ever gave the ministers of the crown the slightest trouble or uneasiness. . . . . No questions were full of more profound difficulty than those which affected the native races, and the advice which from time to time he received from missionaries in the colonies who were dealing with native races was such as proved of the greatest possible value to him."

An almost universal interest in education is to-day the most suggestive mark of activity in Syria and the adjacent countries. This is very largely due to the American College at Beirut, whose graduates, medical, collegiate, commercial, etc., says Consul-General Ravndal, "have become a mighty instrument of civilization." In eight years the number of students has increased from about 275 to more than 850, including 200 Mohammedans, and representing all the Levant and the near East. The increase in the future is expected to be still larger, since the great cities to the east and northeast have become more accessible through improved railway facilities. In Beirut itself an imposing Government industrial school is being erected, and the Government Medical School at Damascus is preparing to put up permanent buildings. Education is transforming Syria through the raising of the standard of living and the development of the resources of the country.

The winners of a number of the prizes given by the Académie Française have been announced. Under the Prix Montyon 1,500 fr. goes to Marius Roustan for his "Philosophes et la société française au xviiie siècle"; also six awards of 1,000 fr. each go to Mme. Edgy for "La Servante," Mme. Alberich-Chabrol for "L'Offensive," Achille Millien for "Chantes et chansons," Georges Lechartier for "L'Irréductible Force," Edmond Ferry for "La France en Afrique," and Prince Louis d'Orléans for "À travers l'Hindo-Kush." The Prix Furtado, of 1,000 fr., goes to Henri Mazel for "Ce qu'il faut lire dans la vie."

The Academy of Inscriptions and Linguistics in Paris was recently petitioned to express its views in reference to an artificial world language, and especially to Esperanto. The Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* states that the Academy by unanimous vote decided not to express any conviction on the subject, on the ground that it could not waste its time on such discussions.

The principal article in *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number five, is by Prof. E. Hammer on the latest methods of constructing accurate topographical maps. The accompanying chart illustrates his course of instruction in topographical drawing given to the pupils of the high schools at Stuttgart. The other main contents are some notes on a map of the region between Ibi and Yola on the Benue, the great eastern branch of the Niger, and the geographical courses for the summer term in the German Universities.

The second number of the *American Journal of International Law* maintains the high promise of the initial issue. It continues the Chronicle, for the ensuing three months; opens with Secretary Root's comprehensive and instructive address on the Real Questions Under the Japanese Treaty, apropos of the California School controversy; discusses the Convention of 1907 between our Government and the Dominican; comments on the Geneva convention of 1906; puts forth some suggestions as to a Permanent Court of Arbitration; considers a Permanent Tribunal of International Arbitration, Its Necessity and Value; presents a continuation, by Robert Lansing, of his Notes on State Sovereignty—a paper that goes back to the criticisms of Sir Henry Maine on Austin's theory; and gives Richard Olney's critical address, delivered at the recent meeting of the Society in Washington, on the Development of International Law. Among the discussions in recent literature bearing on the confessedly paradoxical Korean situation, this Journal's five pages on the International status of that country are easily among the most comprehensive and valuable. The necessary historical background is given, with a statement of the present status, now that Japan, which for years demanded an independent autonomy for the Hermit Kingdom, has established over it "a protectorate of the strictest kind"—a result to which the Treaty of Portsmouth contributed. The Japanese situation in California is also considered, in an editorial concluding with a quotation from the (London) *Law Magazine and Review*, that "no infringement of Japanese rights, contractual or real, can be said to have been committed." The new Immigration law is also critically discussed, as is Extraterritoriality and the United States Court for China. The editor, Dr. James Brown Scott, solicitor of the State Department, formerly a professor in the Columbia University Law School, should find himself in familiar fields when discussing such questions as these. A Chronicle of International Events, compiled by Henry G. Crocker, appears, and a table of public documents, by Philip DeWitt Phair. The selection, in each number, of judicial decisions relating to international law is comprehensive—not limited to American decisions, but taking in English cases, and notably one Scotch case of technical interest—that of Mortensen, who had been convicted of using the method of fishing known as "otter trawling" in Moray Firth within certain prohibited limits.

One other distinctive feature of the Journal should be noticed, that accompanying each number is a supplement of official documents. These supplements are uniformly but separately printed, and consecutively paged by themselves, so that they can be kept at hand for reference in a form to occupy the least space. They exhibit a multitude of agreements, conventions, treaties, and other valuable international documents; comprehending the Treaty of Portsmouth and antecedent British-Japanese alliances, legislation and agreements respecting our rights in the Newfoundland fisheries, a translation of the long Algeciras agreement, Franco-British and Franco-Spanish declarations respecting Morocco and Egypt, etc., while one (the second) goes back and takes in the 1856 Declaration of Paris, the Brussels Convention of 1874, the Geneva Convention of 1884, that of Geneva of 1906 for the amelioration of the condition of the sick and wounded in the field, with our 1907 treaty with the Dominican republic relating to the customs revenue; agreements concerning Korea, and about a score of others, of great importance. Each member of the Society of International Law receives the *Journal* and its Supplements, with no expense except the payment of his annual dues; and membership is not restricted to members of the bar. It seems appropriate to accord the new publication a very cordial welcome. Messrs. Baker, Voorhis & Co. are to be the publishers from this time on.

The second volume of the "Catalogue of Hebrew Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library," (Oxford: Clarendon Press), by Adolph Neubauer and Arthur Ernest Cowley, contains the additions to the collection since 1886, including the great mass of fragments from the Geniza of the old synagogue in Cairo. The work was begun by Dr. Neubauer, the editor of the former volume of the Catalogue, and, after the failure of his health, was completed by Mr. Cowley. The whole number of manuscripts

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described in the volume is 316, of which 166 (containing 2,675 pieces) are from Cairo. The identification and detailed description of these mutilated and often half-obliterated fragments have been the chief task of the cataloguer, which has been fulfilled with unsparing pains. Full indexes do all that can be done to help the student find what he is seeking in this mass of material.

In "The Hebrew Literature of Wisdom in the Light of To-day" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Prof. J. F. Genung has followed up his earlier studies on Job and Ecclesiastes by a more comprehensive popular survey of the Hebrew "Wisdom," including the sapiential books of the Old Testament, Sirach and the Wisdom of Solomon, and from the New Testament the discourses and parables of Jesus and the Epistle of James. His aim, as defined in the preface, is "to unfold in the literary idiom of to-day, what that strain of scripture utterance known to scholars as Wisdom means, for now and all time, as distinguished from, or rather as added to, what supposably it once meant"—to interpret the living spirit of these ancient writings rather than the dead letter. This task is accomplished with insight and sympathy; the reader is made to realize how large and enduring a part of our intellectual and moral inheritance we have in these books. The style sometimes offends a severe taste, and we had rather not believe that monstrosities like "factual" belong to the literary idiom of to-day—or to-morrow.

A judicious life of Frederick Douglass, from the appropriate and competent hand of Booker T. Washington, forms the latest addition to the American Crisis Biographies (George W. Jacobs & Co.). Douglass's career, from whatever standpoint it is viewed, was certainly remarkable. Born a slave, he rose, by virtue of his own ability and industry, aided by fortunate circumstances, to a position of commanding influence among the negro race in this country, and to a foremost rank among American orators. He began his public career as an enthusiastic disciple of Garrison, but found himself compelled, as time went on, to differ fundamentally from the great abolition leader; and, although he remained through life a radical reformer, he gained rather than lost influence as the struggle progressed, and exhibited a discretion and courteous good-temper which his associates sometimes lacked. His political prominence brought him reward, not only in a wide acquaintance at home and abroad, but also in the gift of such important offices as those of marshal, and later recorder of deeds, of the District of Columbia, and minister to Hayti. The latter, for various reasons, afforded small chance for distinction, but in the others he acquitted himself with dignity and success. Naturally, he was a strong advocate of negro suffrage, but he never ceased to urge upon the members of his race the need of attaining industrial efficiency. Mr. Washington, whose statesmanlike treatment of the negro question and admitted oratorical power make him in these respects a worthy successor to Douglass, writes with commendable simplicity and moderation, offering no apologies for the mistakes of Douglass's career, and neither denouncing the slavery advocates nor covering with excessive praise the Abolitionists. The appearance of such a book by such a writer is a significantly hopeful sign.

Two essays in Vol. XV., No. 2, of the Modern Language Association for June, should be of special interest to Americans: "On the Conservatism of Language in a New Country," by Frank Egbert Bryant, and "Chateaubriand's America," by Emma Kate Armstrong. Founding his discussion on a statement by Ellis in his "Early English Pronunciation," made in 1869, that the language of a colony is almost always more conservative than that of its mother country, and that American English is archaic in respect to that of British English, Mr. Bryant maintains that "it has not been and cannot be proved that Americans speak a more archaic English than the people of Great Britain," contending that there is not the least probability that immigration in itself is a conservative force. Miss Armstrong's study of Chateaubriand has to do especially with his arrival in, and first impressions of America, and this, of course, opens the old question, discussed pro and con by Bédier, Stathers, Dick, and others, as to whether Chateaubriand, in five months, really travelled from Baltimore to Niagara, then to the Gulf of Mexico and back to Philadelphia, and whether he met Washington on the journey, as he describes. The amount of what Miss Armstrong has *festgestellt* is not great, but it is something. She searched Washington's papers in the Library of Congress, and says: "To sum up, a careful examination of Chateaubriand's works shows that two of his statements about his visit to America may be accepted without hesitation: he came to Baltimore, and his letter of introduction from the Marquis de la Rouërie was received by Washington." Mr. William Guild Howard contributes an interesting paper on Schiller and Hebbel, in which he seeks to prove that "the decisive moment in Hebbel's life was the moment of his escape from thraldom to the rhetorical sentimentality of Schiller," and that while Hebbel recognized the merits of Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans," he was not directly influenced by Schiller in the disposition of his matter for "Judith." Other essays in the number are: "The Objectivity of the Ghosts in Shakespeare," by Elmer Edgar Stoll; "The Story of Grisandole: A Study in the Legend of Merlin," by Lucy Allen Paton; "Doni and the Jacobeans," by John M. Berdan; and "Dryden's Conversion to the Roman Catholic Faith," by Robert K. Root.

LADY MARY.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Her Times. By George Paston. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50 net.

Miss E. M. Symonds, who writes pleasantly under the name of "George Paston," has given us in this volume both an interesting and a valuable contribution to the happily increasing literature that deals with the manners and tastes, the books and personages of the much berated but to its lovers always fascinating eighteenth century. When she undertook her task she had little hope that she would make any considerable gleanings, but, thanks to the Earl of Harrowby, she was allowed to examine the manuscripts at Sandon Hall, where she found "four or five hundred unpublished letters," upwards of a hundred being from Lady Mary and about half as many from that famous woman's inimitable spouse, whom his friends often called Mr. Wortley. As Lady Mary's Diary has been beyond recall since 1794, when her daughter, Lady Bute, with a discretion as admirable as it was lamentable, committed it to the flames, no better "find" can reasonably have been expected by any admirer of Pope's witty antagonist, if admirers she still has.

Whether our biographer has made a proper use of her treasure-trove is a question that admits of some discussion. She has given certain letters entire, abridged others, and digested still a larger number into a smoothly running narrative, with the result that the book is pleasant reading, and that we feel we have been "personally conducted" over an interesting tract of time, to say nothing of the fascinating though not precisely charming region constituted by the life and character, the mind and heart, of one of the most distinguished and brilliant women known to history. In other words, this biography has been written for the general reader rather than for the student, a fact which does not absolve us, however, from the duty of asking whether it might not have been profitably shortened by some two hundred pages.

On the other hand, the student and the insatiate lover of the eighteenth century is almost bound to wish that the correspondence had been published intact, with just enough annotation and interpolated text to save it from being as forbidding as a report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. No excising editor can ever know what a scholar may need, just as few of them seem to know what the public will stand. There will always be trouble about such discoveries in connection with men and subjects in which both the public and scholars are interested; but there is surely no occasion to argue the matter here.

It is equally true that one ought not, as a rule, to look a gift horse too closely in the mouth. Yet what can one do but closely scrutinize the work of a biographer who begins her book by misdating the birth of her heroine by a century! Careless proofreading, of course; yet how far does it extend? So far as the present reviewer can determine, after pretty thorough tests, the carelessness, while rather disgraceful, does not detract greatly from the value of the book. It is absurd, for instance, to read of John Morris (of Bemerton), of the *Quarterly Review* for February, 1737; it is desirable to spell consistently in the text—cf. Stuart (p. 504) and Steuart (p. 505)—it is worth while to give correctly the Christian names of the diarist Evelyn and of the father of the notorious Mrs. Manley—but these defects are, after all, trifles. It is disconcerting to find three errors in the notes to a single page (13), but perhaps we should be satisfied on finding that there is only one instance of a note's being absent after we have been directed to look for it, and an examination of a large number of the notes leads to the conclusion that the three errors to a page was a case of exceptional sleepiness on the part of the

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author, the proofreader, or both. The annotation is a little capricious, rather commonplace, and too frequently slovenly; but there are not so many departures from the dates and titles furnished by the Dictionary of National Biography as the errors first detected led us to expect.

And the good things of the volume abundantly compensate for the defects—so abundantly, indeed, that one is at a loss how to describe or enumerate them. Lady Mary's dazzling girlhood and her unparalleled experiences with her lover, Mr. Wortley, occupy over a fourth of the space, and give the reader of psychological bias much occasion for reflection. If there was ever a suitor that deserved to fail, if there was ever an unmagnetic and disagreeable, not to say, contemptible, hero of what ought to have been a romance, Mr. Wortley Montagu may safely be named to fill the position, despite the fact that he was the friend of Joseph Addison, and, what is more, of Richard Steele. If Pope and Horace Walpole were justified in assailing Lady Mary's morals in a tender point—this volume leaves that question still an open one—Mr. Wortley deserves no commiseration. His letters before the elopement dealt once, at least, with the possibility of what Lady Mary's enemies treated as an actuality, but that is not the most surprising or repulsive feature of his side of the correspondence. To use a homely phrase, both lovers, before they finally eloped, "backed and filled" to an extent that one would pronounce unnatural and impossible were these letters found in an eighteenth century novel; but, while Mr. Wortley seems scarcely human, Lady Mary is apparently more womanly than she shows herself to be at any later period. Her head, stuffed with knowledge kept in motion by her wit, was always more in evidence than her heart; but her early letters prove that she began life with that invisible organ in a healthy condition, and that somehow Mr. Wortley managed to control its movements and to get them thoroughly out of order. One would give a good deal to have been present at one of those clandestine meetings at Mrs. Steele's, in order to judge, if possible what trick of glance or speech, what feature of personality, made Lady Mary ready to brave her father's wrath and to overlook the thousand and one unattractive qualities of her middle-aged admirer. One is not so anxious to look in on her as a deserted bride at Huntingdon or York, though one is interested in reading details about the renting of country houses in 1713. That she should have been deserted does not surprise us, when we read this exhortation addressed to her by her would-be husband on the eve of their elopement: "If we should once get into a coach, let us not say one word till we come before the parson, least we should engage in fresh disputes." So careful a gentleman might well, as the story goes, have written out a speech which he intended to read from his hat, and have inserted in the margin such hints as "Here pause a minute," "look round," "low," "loud," "cough."

Of the pages and chapters describing the life of Lady Mary, the notorious woman of the world, the traveller, the philanthropical advocate of inoculation, the flame and then the far from defenceless victim of Pope, the exile of Italy and France, the eccentric old personage described by Walpole, it is impossible to speak adequately within the space of any less leisurely review than those our grandfathers tolerated. Although Miss Symonds makes the letters tell the story well, she can scarcely be said to add, in the second half of her book, anything very important to our knowledge either of Lady Mary or of her times. But she makes available her mass of material; and she treats with fairness and thoroughness such episodes as the affair with the French intriguer Rémond, and the quarrel with Pope. Moreover, she furnishes scores of interesting passages which will be useful to writers on manners and to discursive editors of the type of the late Dr. Birkbeck Hill. One's pencil is kept busy marking the tid-bits.

For example, we are carried back to the age of "The Rape of the Lock," when we find Mr. Secretary Craggs meeting Lady Mary at the foot of the great stairs after she had reluctantly left the King's presence to keep an engagement, and, on hearing of her plight, catching her in his arms, running with her upstairs, and depositing her in the ante-chamber! The manners and morals of the Vienna ladies of 1716 interest us quite as much as they did the wife of the soon-recalled ambassador to Turkey. On the other hand, we can but wonder at her failure to recognize the greatness of "Gulliver's Travels," and the genius of Swift, whether or not we share her antipathy for that wonderful man's character. It is pleasanter to find that she wrote in her cousin Fielding's "Tom Jones" "*Ne plus ultra*," and on reading "Joseph Andrews" liked that better. If we are fond of parallels, we can compare the tactics of the gallant ladies, headed by the Duchess of Queensberry (Prior's Kitty), who managed to hear a debate in the Lords, despite an order from the Chancellor not to admit them, with the methods employed in our own day by the virgin martyrs who try to storm the lower house. It is interesting to learn that in 1739 one of the drawbacks to Continental travelling was the constant risk one ran of meeting Englishmen, and we sympathize with Lady Mary when she objects to having her trunks examined on her return to her native land after an exile of over twenty years. But sympathy is out of the question when we recall her attitude toward her scrapegrace son. Despite his linguistic attainments he was surely afflicted with some mental disorder, and, whether she could understand this or not, and whatever the shocks he gave her pride, no true mother—nay, no woman worthy of respect—should have written to and about him as Lady Mary did. One can forgive her coarseness, her hardness, her miserliness; one can dismiss the strictures of Pope and Walpole as slanders; one can admire her learning, her pleas for the better education of her sex, and her later relations with her daughter, Lady Bute; but one is forced to draw the line at pardoning the woman who could write his sister these words about her own son:

> A few days before, I received from an unknown hand, without any letter of advice, a very nonsensical book, printed with your brother's name to it, which only serves to show me that he has private correspondencies here, and that he is still a Knavish Fool.

"Folly (as Mons. Rochefoucault remarks) is the only incorrigible fault." So wrote Lady Mary on another occasion, and the folly of Edward Wortley Montagu, the polyglot traveller and polygamist, seems to have borne out the French Moralist. His chagrined parent was as little of a fool as any Englishwoman has ever been, but she was something much worse. She was an unfeeling mother who made the cynical remark about her son's wife—or rather one of his wives—that she was "too old to attract gallants and not rich enough to buy them." Is it any wonder that to-day Lady Mary is for most people merely the woman who introduced inoculation into England, and called Pope "the wicked wasp of Twickenham"?

CURRENT FICTION.

The Letters of One. By Charles Hare Plunkett. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

An interesting study of a morbid and irritating type. The writer of the letters is a small author who "lives for his art." The only original thing about him is that he claims little for his product, does not even fancy that he is about to produce masterpieces. Yet he prides himself upon his status as an artist, and is complacent in sacrificing everything and everybody else to the maintenance of that status. The principal victim is the woman to whom the letters are addressed. Knowing that she is inclined to marry him, he decides coolly to stay away from her and bait her with correspondence. A more subtly devised insult to any healthy and sensitive woman than the series of communications which follow, it would be hard to imagine. The pleasure of fidgeting and dawdling over his precious little literary exercises is evidently enhanced by the delicate spectacle of her distress. She has wealth and health and a loving heart, but he prefers to hug his poverty, his valetudinary habit, his idle and selfish dreams. And to this voluptuousness of the artist he adds the voluptuousness of the celibate; there is a touch of grossness in his very abnegations. The end of it all is reassuring. The man has promised the woman from the outset that he will come to her if she insists. As a final test, one supposes, she summons him. Follows a fatuous letter from him, thanking her for her kindness. She has been wonderfully good to him during the risky interview; she has, in effect, done nothing to compromise him! "Whatever may befall us, there is that between us which I hardly dare think—your perfect and wise acquiescence, your determination to let me do what I thought right." Here, obviously, is the perfect woman—one who will yearn for him indefinitely—at a definite distance. But the interview has, curiously enough, been less gratifying to the lady. The next letter is a reply to one from her announcing that she has decided to have nothing further to do with him. This, he says, is a terrible shock; he has neither eaten nor slept since receiving it. As a matter of fact, though his vanity is hurt, he evidently enjoys the situation. Whereupon "Poor-me's" and "God-bless-you's" follow each other tumultuously, and the correspondence ends with a creditable burst of rhetoric. In the introduction to the letters it is hinted that the lady is not permanently uncon-

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soled; and as the gentleman has only insisted upon being miserable, there is nothing for any one to complain of. The business sounds rather farcical when reduced to these terms; but as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the artistic temperament theory, the book has merit.

Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

There are two reasons for missing nothing that comes from the pen of this lady. The first is that her stories beget an almost sinful content with one's own place of abode, if only it be out of the Fatherland. Not Frau Buchholtz herself drew a more repulsive picture of honest bourgeois life, with its hideous concentration upon kitchen matters, and its distrust of all beyond its immediate ken.

Like Hildegarde of "The Initials," Fräulein Schmidt has a stepmother, who takes boarders. Like that Hamilton who was beloved by a whole past generation of mothers, Mr. Anstruther comes from a fashionable English circle, to improve his German. Like Hamilton, he offers marriage to his landlady's daughter. Here the parallel ceases. Fräulein Schmidt's letters form the only narrative, and it must be confessed that they rather suggest "Elizabeth" than a girl brought up in a poor household in Jena. Still, as the letters are undeniably good reading, this remark should be taken as a comment, not a criticism. England proves too much for Roger, England represented by a rich *partie* and his father's displeasure. Fräulein Schmidt has the rare courage and taste to wish to keep her faithless lover as a friend, and, truly, this is necessary, or where would the rest of the book have been, with its humorous descriptions, its pretty bits of scenery, its reflections upon life and literature?

In the end, Roger breaks with his rich Miss Cheriton and wishes to be taken back. At this point the author consults poetical justice before probability. Though chained to the grim fate of a dowerless girl in Germany, Rose-Marie Schmidt, having outgrown Roger, finds strength of soul to refuse him. Now, to use a big word, here is a psychological impossibility. "Elizabeth" with her talent for perversity might have done this. Not so the perfectly unembittered Rose-Marie! Still, one is quite free to believe that even if the book be ended, the story may perhaps go on, more normally. And after all, this is a minor matter, since (the second reason for reading them) these letters themselves, while slight, make a thoroughly acceptable bit of summer diversion.

The Haunters of the Silences. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Some years ago, when Mr. Burroughs fell upon Mr. Long, as it were, out of a clear sky, the incredible thing happened. So far as we recall, not a single naturalist of standing appeared in Mr. Long's defence; and the sale of Mr. Long's books at once increased enormously. Rejected of his fellows, town libraries clamored to take him in, even as they would be taken in, and school committees adopted him with enthusiasm. So he became the idol of whopper-loving childhood, the cynosure of the kindergartner, and the prophet of the lady with the bird-glass. Now that the President has laid hand to him, there is no knowing where he may stop. Mr. Roberts, to be sure, is the immediate target; we may congratulate him upon the substantial damages which a good-natured populace has begun already, no doubt, to pour into his lap. Who would not rather have the President call him a liar than a poet? Upon the technical points involved in the controversy, a layman had better not express an opinion. He does not know how a lynx kills a wolf, and does not so much care, so long as the blood flows. He does not go to a book like "The Haunters of the Silences" for precise information as to the habits of animals. He goes to it because he likes good stories, including fish stories. His interest in the animal story may be waning a bit; for the "nature" writers are in the way of running into the ground their fable of tooth and claw. And it may seem to him reasonable that, after the story is told, after the effect has been gained, the fabulist should now and then own frankly that whopper is the word.

The Wooing of Tokala. By Franklin Wells Calkins. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

With only a thread of story, in the conventional sense, this is a thoroughly competent study of a group of Dakotah and Sioux Indians. Their habits, traditions, and point of view are given with a detail which though painstaking is never tiresome. Mr. Calkins loves his red men. Their individuality, their humanity, is strongly borne in upon him, and the modern way of looking at all the mysteries of folk-lore enables him both to understand and to interpret. He never loses the attitude of Indian towards Indian and towards white men. Having set himself to describing the whole condition from the other side, the Dakotahs', he actually succeeds in keeping up the illusion without a break. He makes his Indians quite plain, as creatures in the toils of tradition and beliefs which they must obey. His style is clear and simple, attaining excellent effects by dint of completely avoiding self-conscious and labored efforts. In fact, the whole book contains matter of real interest, which is conveyed without parade of knowledge and with a total absence of trick or mannerism.

Dulcibel: A Tale of Old Salem. By Henry Peterson. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co.

If any reader desires to forget recent higher criticism of the Salem persecutions for witchcraft let him turn to Mr. Peterson's story. Rehabilitations in the light of modern research, reversals of judgment, the mantle of allowance for the day and the dogma, will all be forgotten while he abandons himself to the easy task of unmitigated abhorrence. The tale is not without its crudities, but it is animated and full of zeal. With every allowance for partisanship it is a stirring recital, and pulls at the nerves of indignation as if the dreadful thing had not all happened two hundred years ago.

Structure and Growth of the Mind. By W. Mitchell. New York: Macmillan & Co. $2.60 net.

This is a treatise on descriptive and genetic psychology. It is presented in a series of lectures which were composed, as the author says, to be read as well as heard. The discursive style and the absence of prominent landmarks would often give the reader a rather vague idea of the plan of exposition, were it not for the table of contents, which is a model of scientific analysis, and almost makes up for the absence of an alphabetical index. The first lecture and the last are concerned with questions of physiological psychology. The author begins with a discussion of "Mind and Brain," and this forms, we think, the best chapter in the book. He disposes easily of materialism, as so many psychologists before him have done. He then takes up the theory of "parallelism," which at present is being extensively defended and attacked by metaphysicians and psychologists. Do physical and psychical processes act and react upon one another, or have we to do with two totally distinct, yet parallel, series of phenomena, which, although not interacting, correspond as two clocks might correspond with each other? Professor Mitchell maintains that physical, as well as psychical, phenomena are all modifications of mind. All our direct experience is of mental, not of material, changes. The latter are abstractions. There are not two series parallel to each other—one psychical, the other physical; there is a single series. For the idealistic metaphysician there is no "parallelism," inasmuch as direct experience is of the psychical only. Nevertheless, as the author points out, this does not preclude the psychologist from demonstrating a correspondence between certain modifications of the brain, and certain states of which we are directly conscious. The greater part of the volume is devoted to an explanation and analysis of this direct experience.

There are three chapters on "sympathetic and æsthetic intelligence." Of these, the first is concerned with "imitation," to which the author does not attach the importance given to it by Tarde and Baldwin as a means of mental development; the second and third contain explanations of the way in which self reads itself into experience, and becomes absorbed in it. The growth of intelligence is treated according to a threefold division of the latter into "sensory," "perceptual," and "conceptual." The concluding lecture leaves the "direct" and takes up the "indirect" explanation of experience. This can be read with understanding only by those who have some knowledge of the nervous system. Professor Mitchell gives a plausible account of the localization of the functions of the brain; but the territory is difficult for the traveller, and the further one goes, the further the frontier of certainty seems to recede.

In general, the point of view taken in these lectures is that of moderate pragmatism. The author holds that he has "a single task at all grades," and "at all of them the criterion of truth is the system of truth to which it claims to belong. The development of knowledge is by a tentative seeking of what will work with-

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in the system." Unlike most modern psychologists, he has no scruples about using the term "faculty," which he defines as "a power to experience"; but he does not always adhere to this definition, as when he calls "sympathy" a faculty. And his explanation of the way in which we become aware of the existence of faculties is obscure, for he observes: "The explanation of a faculty consists in analyzing it not into anything that we experience, but into the conditions of the experience after which it is named." A faculty "is a power to achieve experience by means that we do not experience."

The plan followed by the author throughout is to consider first our experience of things; second, our thought about them, and last, our action in consequence of our thought and interest. This analysis may be accommodated to the traditional division of mental processes into those of knowing, feeling, and willing. In every process, self is an element; and Professor Mitchell has no sympathy apparently with the associational psychology, which would explain one experience by another. He thinks that the active self must always be considered in every mental change. This point does not seem to be of much psychological importance. For if the self be regarded as something which changes at every moment of consciousness, then we may disregard it, and examine the states of consciousness as such. If, on the contrary, it is a common factor which remains unchanged in every experience, then it may be eliminated. At all events, it is misleading to speak as the author does of our consciousness of "self-activity" without removing the obscurity which surrounds the conception of "activity" in general, and of "self-activity" in particular. Mr. Bradley long ago found fault with the abuse of the word "activity," which he regarded as a "scandal" in philosophy. Indeed, it would be well if those who employ the term would either define it, or else admit that it is indefinable. As for "self-activity," it is used even more vaguely.

These lectures resemble not so much the precise and well-guarded treatises on psychology of the last two decades, as they do a modernized form of those discourses which once attracted, informed, and delighted the audiences at the Scotch universities during the days of Dugald Stewart and Thomas Brown. Professor Mitchell has made a good contribution to psychology, and indirectly to pedagogy; and that will be recognized even by readers who dissent from his conclusions.

Race Prejudice. By Jean Finot. Translated by Florence Wade-Evans. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

M. Finot is an apostle of international and interracial friendship. Holding that one great obstacle, indeed the greatest obstacle, in the way of the establishment of kindly relations between human communities is the belief in the existence of insurmountable racial differences and antagonisms, he sets himself to show that the diversities that exist are neither fundamental nor necessarily permanent. With the term "race" he has little difficulty—no one now holds that the word can be taken to mean an absolutely unitary and fixed social group. He goes into detail, however, on the question, examining, with a large array of authorities, the various proposed divisions of humanity based on shape and size of skull, length of limbs, color of skin, and other physical differences, and deciding that in these regards there is no visible line of demarcation between human groups. Here he is too positive; the trustworthy statistics thus far published are not large enough to warrant his sweeping generalization; still, the facts he adduces go to diminish the significance of the physical differences between peoples and between other groups. On the other hand, he points out the influences that make for the unity of the human type: the conditions of climate and food, the crossing of races, and the law of organic coördination, according to which changes in one organ affect all others. Striking examples of the effect of these influences may be given, such as the growth of the Hungarian people out of a Turkish nucleus, the mixed character of the English, and in this country the rapid Americanization of large bodies of immigrants of diverse types. Here again, with much that is sound, the author is disposed to accept too hastily poorly authenticated reports of the results of cross-breeding in the lower human groups.

M. Finot's main purpose is to set aside the current opinion that the "Latin" peoples, and especially the French, are essentially different from the other peoples of Europe, and to show that there is no reason for relegating negroes to a permanently low place, intellectually and culturally, among human races. France, he says, while at bottom not Celtic, but Germanic, has the most mixed population and the greatest variety of soils of any European country, and it is precisely for this reason that she is the leader of civilization in Europe, the land where human equality is most recognized, the centre whence ideas spread over Europe and America. Not calling in question the cultural primacy of France (a primacy long ago claimed for her by Guizot and others), and accepting for the moment the statement as to the character of her population (though this is doubtful), the author's conclusion does not certainly follow; national character and national achievement are things too complicated to be explained in so summary a manner, as he himself admits in his sketch of the discordant opinions that have been expressed concerning the Celtic genius. However, his exposition of the French civilization is instructive, and his object will have been gained if it be recognized (as recognized it must be) that it is no longer possible to divide all human psychological material into "French nature and human nature."

His championship of the negro is based in part on a precarious ethnological theory—the white race, he says (p. 99), is the direct fruit of a negro race. True, some ethnologists hold that Europe was settled by a North African stock; but this supposition is by no means proved, and if it were proved, the character of the stock in question is unknown. He is on safer ground when he points to the industrial and cultural progress of negroes in this country, though it should be added that this progress has been made entirely under white tutelage. All friends of the negro welcome his growth in capacity, and insist that he shall have equality of opportunity; but it is too soon to maintain, as M. Finot does, that he is in all respects the equal of the white man—only time can decide this question. M. Finot, further, is firmly convinced that the American white race is moving physically toward the Redskin type—leather-like skin, muddy tint (among woman insipid pallor), small head covered with smooth dark hair, long neck, sunken eyes, with dark iris, elongated bones of the extremities (in women unmelodious voice, thinness, precocious physical and intellectual development). This point may be left to somatologists to decide.

It may be hoped that M. Finot's book will help to dispel race prejudice and to further the sentiment of human unity. One cannot, indeed, share his optimistic expectations to the full. Granted that the term "race" represents merely a hypothetical limit and not a concrete reality, it remains true that mankind is divided into communities that are concrete and real, every one regarding itself as an independent unit, and every one working for its own advantage. This narrow self-regarding attitude may be modified by the abolition of the dogma of racial antagonism, but for complete regeneration we must look to the larger influences that spring from close companionship and the sense of identity of interests—it is, in fact, this last that will destroy the feeling of antagonism.

M. Finot's volume, while it does not escape the exaggeration natural to an enthusiastic advocate, contains much matter that is of interest to students of international relations and racial history.

Haddon. The Manor, the Hall. its Lords and Traditions. By G. LeBlanc Smith. London: Elliot Stock.

Haddon Hall has so long been the property of tourists, novelists, and playwrights, that a time has come when the archæologist may fitly claim his share in this delightful memorial of the past. To be sure, a certain amount of history must needs be woven into any tale of Dorothy Vernon and her elopement. But then the elopement is a complete myth, and it remains for the present historian to give us in its soberer, more authentic form, the annals of this ancient place. His book on Haddon is a volume of nearly 170 pages, in which, amid copious illustrations, is told the story of the Peverels, the Avenels, the Vernons, and the Mannerses, as it centres around one of the most famous buildings in England.

Haddon, like every other respectable manor, goes back to Domesday, where it figures in close association with Bakewell. Shortly after the Conquest, it was granted by William to his natural son, William Peverel, in whose family a part of it remained until the fourth Peverel forfeited his lands to the first of the Plantagenets. In the meantime, however, the greater part of the manor, including the Hall, had been granted by the second Peverel to a knight named Avenel. By a singular arrangement effected about 1170, William of Avenel divided all his possessions at death between his two sons-in-law, Richard de Vernon and Simon Basset, the two "sharing equal-

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ly everywhere and in all things as my heirs, and so that Simon Basset and his heirs shall do to Richard de Vernon and his heirs what the younger shall own to the elder." Eventually, the Vernons bought out the interest of the Bassets in Haddon, and the estate remained their property in the male line until 1565, when Sir George Vernon died, leaving two daughters. The younger of these was the celebrated Dorothy, who carried Haddon as part of her dower to John Manners, second son of the first Earl of Rutland.

As for the incident with which Dorothy Vernon is chiefly connected in legend, Mr. Smith says: "There is not one particle of historical or documentary evidence to support the tale of elopement." He furthermore observes: "The amount of truth contained in this undoubtedly pretty tale may be gauged from the fact that the very room in which she was supposed to have been dancing, and the actual steps down which she is said to have fled, were built by her husband John Manners, when he married her and became possessed of the Haddon estates." There are several other points about Haddon and its owners which Mr. Smith is at pains to clear up. One of these is that all the later Vernons were descended from a certain Gilbert le Franceis, who married a Vernon heiress, and whose sons assumed the Vernon name. There is at Haddon a so-called confessional, which the local guide always associates with pre-Reformation days. As a matter of fact, it never was a confessional at all, and dates only from the seventeenth century. "This," says Mr. Smith, "like Dorothy Vernon's elopement, is another Haddon fable."

The true antiquarian is so filled with the romance of his subject that he has little patience for those who demand the pseudo-romance of melodrama. In the present case Mr. Smith does nothing to embellish his theme by any attempt at fine writing. It is enough that he should set down correctly the leading events in manorial annals and make notes upon the chief objects of interest that are still preserved within the hall. But for those who wish to *know*, this book is worth all the loosely written trash about Haddon, put together. We submit, however, that Mr. Smith would do well to avoid a common misquotation when he writes at the foot of his dedication:

Si monumentum quæris, circumspice.

Apropos of this volume, we wish to say a word on behalf of the American tourist whose vagaries and vandalism are so often held up to ridicule and abuse. It does, indeed, happen from time to time that some one, like the late Rev. Mr. Talmage, goes abroad with a geological hammer to knock relics off the corners of ancient and venerated buildings. The verses of J. K. Stephen, entitled, "On a Rhine Steamer," are also not without a certain justification. But we would fain protest against an indiscriminate tirade against those from our side of the Atlantic who during six months of the year infest the English inn and wander about the English ruin. The next time the reader hears American tourists denounced abusively, let him remember, though he need not cite, the following passage from the preface to Mr. Smith's book on Haddon Hall:

"Large numbers of Americans visit Haddon every year, and take the greatest interest in everything shown them, besides displaying far more intelligence than the average Briton, who is perfectly content to amuse himself by endeavoring to inscribe his name on every wall or anything inscribable, despite forbidding notices, when the guide's back is turned or attention is in any way diverted. The American seems to come to learn, while our countrymen come to enjoy themselves in any way, rowdy or otherwise, that they can.

The King of Court Poets. A Study of the Work, Life, and Times of Lodovico Ariosto. By Edmund G. Gardner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

Mr. Gardner has won a high place in the esteem of students of Italian literature and travellers in Italy, in the first instance by his excellent "Dante Primer" and "Dante's Ten Heavens," and in the second by his books on Florence and Siena in Dent's Mediæval Towns series. In his "Dukes and Poets in Ferrara," and in the present volume, he has attempted a combination of political and literary history; but we cannot think that these two epochs have been happily chosen for such an attempt. There are periods in which political events may be grouped about the writings and personalities of literary men. Cases in point are Masson's "Life of Milton" and Villari's "Life and Times of Machiavelli," and any adequate political history of the Italian Risorgimento must also be a library history of the same era. But neither the men nor the events with which Mr. Gardner deals can be compared to those which we have cited. "In the earlier epoch of Ferrarese history," says Mr. Gardner, "the princes of the House of Este—and, above all, the first Duke Ercole—are far more interesting than the poets who sang their praises. But in this second period Ariosto becomes an incomparably more attractive and engaging figure than either Cardinal Ippolito or Duke Alfonso." This is true enough, but Ariosto, accomplished court poet though he was, even King of Court Poets, according to our author's title, and often as he was employed on public business, had little influence upon the political moves in which he played a part. He was never anything more than a legate or emissary, with definite instruction to control his acts.

For this reason different portions of the book, as they deal with political or literary history, read as if they belonged to different studies, and were bound together by mistake. Chapters iv, vi, viii, and ix, which together form the largest and most important of the purely historical parts, have little to do with Ariosto. But more than this, Mr. Gardner has not shown himself in his two later ventures to be a good writer of history. Both of them leave no question of his diligence in research, but they also betray his imperfect mastery of the art of historical perspective. We can almost see him in the act of transferring the materials directly from the archives to his pages. Whereas, in his popular books on Florence and Siena he showed that he could write a clear and entertaining historical brief when he depended on others for his facts, his writing here is not only without distinction, but is sometimes positively bad. There are all too many sentences like this: "Count Niccolò Ariosti was at Lugo, as ducal commissary in Romagna, when in the November of this year, 1496, he put an innocent man to the torture in order to make him deliver up to justice the name of a villain who had done him wrong, whom, for the sake of his own honor, he was shielding."

Mr. Gardner is at his best in dealing with Ariosto's personal and literary history. Chapters xi, xii, and xiii, under the respective titles of "The Orlando Furioso," "Ariosto's Minor Poems," and "Ariosto's Comedies," are all good, especially the twelfth. The influence of the poet's predecessors and contemporaries, and the growth and development of his own art, are set forth with insight, while epitomes and long quotations, nearly always accompanied by translations, make the treatment easy to follow, even when a text of the author is not at hand. But here again a serious defect is the almost complete failure to consider Ariosto's versification from the formal and historical points of view. His invention of a new comic rhythm, the dodecasyllabic *verso sdrucciolo*, is indeed mentioned (p. 331), as also the fact that in his one undoubted canzone of the regular type, the pauses in sense do not correspond with the metrical periods (p. 298). But there is never a word said about the history of the *ottava rima*, the form which is so characteristic of the Italian epic, and over which Ariosto won so perfect a command.

We wish to draw attention to a discriminating passage in Mr. Gardner's criticism of the "Orlando" (pp. 266 ff.), in which he rightly rejects the judgment of Tasso that the two "Orlandos"—Boiardo's "Innamorato" and Ariosto's "Furioso"—should be considered as a single complete poem, begun by the one and brought to an end with greater artistic power by the other poet. Mr. Gardner justly observes that the two poems belong to entirely different categories in art:

> The one is a chivalrous romance written in verse, the other is a romantic epic. "The true culminating point in the history of the Italian romance of chivalry," writes Pio Rajna, "is represented by the first, rather than by the second 'Orlando.' With the poem of the Count of Scandiano ends the natural and spontaneous development of the genus. With the 'Furioso,' born of an Italian father, but of a Latin mother, there begins in the stem another branch, which, if it still recognizes the 'Chanson de Roland' and the 'Roman de Tristan' among its ancestors, nevertheless derives a good part of its blood from the 'Æneid,' from the 'Metamorphoses,' and from the 'Thebaid.'"

Mr. Gardner's phrase, "chivalrous romance," instead of "romance of chivalry," may not be commended, but his distinction, as suggested by Rajna, is a valid one. And a striking evidence of Ariosto's indebtedness to the ancients is his delight in episodic narrative, which, though never wholly irrelevant, nevertheless obstructs the main current of the fable. In fact, an interesting essay in comparative literature might be written on the episodic element in epic poetry.

Mr. Gardner's versions are usually accurate, but he has made a few slips in translating his author's *Carm.* i, 11, as quoted on page 293. "Celebres" in the line, "Et Satyros inter celebres Dryadasque puellas," means not "renowned," but "thronging." "Dum vaga mens aliud poscat" is rendered "Whilst my roving mind asks other things"; but the correct sense is, "Until my roving fancy ask a change." In translating "Qui-

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bus parili vita tenore fluit," "Ye for whom life flows in *rigid* tenour," Mr. Gardner probably derives the notion of "rigid" from "Catones" in the preceding line rather than from "parili," which here has the meaning of "monotonous."

The book is provided with a full bibliography and index, and is beautifully made up. The frontispiece is from the woodcut after Titian's design, which was published in the Ferrara edition of the "Orlando" of 1532. There are besides eight illustrations in the text from contemporary medals and paintings.

Die Geheimlehre des Veda. By Paul Deussen. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus.

Erinnerungen an Indien. By Paul Deussen. Kiel: Lipsius & Tischer.

In his "Secret Doctrine of the Veda" the distinguished professor of philosophy in the University of Kiel aims to reveal the esoteric teachings of the Veda by a careful and quite exhaustive collection of passages from it and from the commentaries of Indian exegetists, especially from the Upanishads. The Bible ascribes the fall of man to the corruption and perversion of his will, which brought him under the hereditary dominion of sin; the Veda, he says, discovers the origin of human errors and delinquencies in ignorance. The former finds ransom through the mediatorial transformation of the will; the latter secures redemption through enlightenment and the enlargement of the perceptive faculties. In the words of Shakespeare,

> Ignorance is the curse of God,
> Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

But since man is neither wholly will nor wholly intellect, the two schemes of redemption supplement and elucidate each other.

The secret doctrine which the author discovers in the Veda and expounds is that of the *Âtman*, the principle of life, sensation, and intelligence, which has its highest impersonal manifestation in Brahma, the supreme deity and soul of the universe, and which constitutes the essence, entity, and imperishable self of every individual. This doctrine was taught by Çankara, the celebrated interpreter of the Vedânta philosophy, by Plato, Kant, and Schopenhauer, and finds concise expression in Descartes's "cogito, ergo sum," corresponding essentially to the Sanskrit "aham Brahma asmi," I am Brahma. All else is illusion (*mâyâ*). We cannot here give even a succinct survey of the contents of this volume, but can commend it to all who may be interested in the subject. Professor Deussen, we may add, is the ablest living exponent of Hindu Philosophy, but in reading his work one must allow for a certain perversion of the naïve spirituality of the more ancient India through his Teutonic intellectualism.

His "Recollections of India" is a work of more general interest, but also of special value to Oriental scholars. It contains delightful reminiscences of a journey in India extending from Bombay to Peshawar in the extreme north, thence to Calcutta, and through central India, back to Bombay, including a remarkable excursion in the Himalayas and a tour to Madras and Ceylon. Professor Deussen was accompanied by his wife. They both speak English, and were thus enabled to converse with the officials and British residents, while his knowledge of Sanskrit and Hindi facilitated his intercourse with native scholars and the common people. Indeed, since his return he has kept up a correspondence in Sanskrit with some of his learned friends there, who address him as Devasena, a quite complimentary orthographic form of his name, since it implies a connection with the celestial hosts.

These rare qualifications brought him into more or less familiar association with all classes—rulers, priests, pandits, and persons of every caste from Brahmins to Sudras. It is hardly necessary to add that this volume of 256 pages gives a more varied and more accurate description of the country and its heterogeneous inhabitants, their thoughts, feelings, occupations, and conditions in ordinary life, as well as their ideas embodied in philosophic systems and religious tenets, than any other record of travel in that remote region. Obscure places, which have no interest for the average tourist, are full of significance and suggestiveness to him through the allusions to them in the "Rigveda," the "Mahâbhârata," and other monuments of Sanskrit literature. At the same time he shows strong practical sense and often delicious humor in the narration of his daily experiences. He praises the organization and construction of the railways and the arrangements for the comfort of the passengers. The hotels are very defective, and in many smaller towns there are no inns whatever, and the Government has erected so-called dawk-bungalows at the stations for the travellers, or prepares beds in the waiting rooms or in empty cars. Although these makeshifts furnish rather primitive accommodations, they are preferable to the average hotels. In Lucknow he took a cab, or *ekka*, which he calls "the most wretched vehicle I ever sat in." Its name seems at first to be a corruption of hack, but is really from the Sanskrit *eka*, single, one-horse shay; its disagreeable jerking and jolting, however, might sugest *aka*, moving tortuously or jostling to and fro.

The book has a map of India and sixteen illustrations with an appendix containing a lecture in English "On the Philosophy of the Vedânta and Its Relations to Occidental Metaphysics," delivered before the Royal Asiatic Society in Bombay.

The Arthur of the English Poets. By Howard Maynadier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.

This is an excellent book, and is likely to supersede M. W. MacCallum's "Tennyson's Idylls and Arthurian Story," which has long done good service as the best popular account of the development of the Arthurian legend in the Middle Ages, and its treatment by the English poets. To be sure, the plan of the two works is not quite the same. In Mr. MacCallum's book only about a fifth of the space was given to the period before Malory, whereas in the present work the proportion is almost exactly one-half. We believe, for our own part, that Professor Maynadier's plan is the more judicious of the two. The Arthurian legend has a vastly greater importance for mediæval than for modern literature, and, besides, there is really no organic connection between the various treatments of Arthurian story in the different modern periods—between Blackmore's "King Arthur," for example, and Tennyson's "Idylls."

In general, Professor Maynadier's work satisfies all the requirements of exact scholarship, but there are some errors in it which it will be worth while pointing out—most of them, as will be observed, relating to the Old French prose romances, which are so commonly neglected by students of the Arthurian legend on this side of the ocean, owing, doubtless, to the fact that some of the most important of them remain to this day unedited. In the first place, Professor Maynadier invests Malory with an authority which is not his due. Malory has indisputably an important place in the history of English prose style, although to ascribe to him the quality of "swiftness," as Professor Maynardier does, sounds rather ironical; but as far as his materials are concerned, he is entirely unoriginal, and any one who has had to occupy himself much with Malory's relations to his French sources will even begin to doubt whether the merit of judicious selection is really his, and whether the work of compilation and abridgment had not already been done for him, in the main, by some French compiler. However this may be, Professor Maynadier's idea about Malory's Anglicising his material is purely imaginary. The part which the Archbishop of Canterbury plays in the "Morte Darthur" is taken over bodily from the "Mort Artu," or rather the modified form of this romance which Malory undoubtedly followed in the latter part of his work. Similarly, there is no earthly connection between Margaret of Anjou and the story of how Guinevere 'defended' herself against Mordred in the Tower of London. This story, in every detail, is found in the "Mort Artu," composed more than two hundred years before. In fact the only reason why the "Morte Darthur" has eclipsed the Old French romances is that it is short (comparatively speaking) and they are long. If we take any individual episode in the best of these romances—say, the prose "Tristan" or the "Mort Artu"—we shall find that even in the matter of style Malory enjoys no superiority whatever.

Professor Maynadier makes another slip in regard to Malory's sources, when he cites among them the Middle English stanzaic "Morte Arthur." If he had consulted the Early English Text Society's edition of the poem in question, he would have been saved this error. There are other instances, however, besides those involving Malory, which show Professor Maynadier's imperfect acquaintance with the Old French prose romances. For example, with regard to the continuations of "Merlin" he remarks that, "for some reason or other," the romancers decided to carry the adventures of Merlin beyond Arthur's coronation. But the reason is perfectly well known—namely, a desire to connect "Merlin" with "Lancelot du Lac." Again, our author speaks of the "Quête du St. Graal" as ascribed sometimes to Robert de Boron, but more often to Walter Map, but the versions so ascribed are not identical. The former is preserved in the Portuguese "Demanda do Santo Graall," the latter in the Vulgate—Quest,

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published by Dr. Furnivall. Of the story of Mordred's incestuous birth, Professor Maynadier observes: "How this episode got into the stories [of Arthur] cannot be said." It is almost certain, however, as was suggested by Gaston Paris, that this feature of the Arthurian legend was borrowed from the legend of Pope Gregory. Turning to our author's discussion of the Holy Grail, one remarks here again the old error of Alfred Nutt's, which has enjoyed such a vigorous life, concerning "The Lay of the Great Fool"—accepted by that eminent folklorist in his "Legend of the Holy Grail" as a genuine Celtic parallel of the Perceval story. But Professor Zimmer in his review of this book, now seventeen years ago, pointed out that this tale first appears in an eighteenth century Irish manuscript next to a version of Chrétien's "Yvain" and amidst other material of a similar character, so that there can be no reasonable doubt that it too is derived from the French. Professor Maynadier repeats from Paulin Paris a very unfavorable estimate of the compilation of Arthurian romance made by Rusticiano da Pisa in the latter part of the thirteenth century. From the purely literary point of view the judgment may be correct, but this compilation contains Arthurian material of greater value than is generally known, and is one of the first works which should be published, if the longed-for Arthurian Society is ever formed.

There are a good many statements besides the above in Professor Maynadier's work that invite criticism. There is no reason, for instance, for conceiving the historical Arthur as a bare-foot and bare-legged savage chieftain. The Latin origin of his name, which seems well assured—if nothing else—would lead us to suppose that he belonged to the Romanized Celts, and hence was, no doubt, a civilized man. The book, taken as a whole, however, is one of decided value. It is very agreeably written, and has a basis of accurate scholarship.

A Hebrew and English Lexicon of the Old Testament, based on the Lexicon of William Gesenius as Translated by Edward Robinson. By Francis Brown, S. R. Driver, and Charles A. Briggs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $7.50 net.

The title-page of the new Hebrew and English lexicon does not quite accurately describe it. Large as is the debt which it owes to the great German lexicographer, it is really based, not on Robinson's Gesenius, but on an independent and exhaustive collection and analysis of the material, and this alone would suffice to distinguish it as the most important contribution to Hebrew lexicography since the "Thesaurus." When it is added that the gains of three-quarters of a century in Semitic philology, in textual criticism, geographical exploration, and archæological research, as well as in Biblical exegesis, have been brought to bear on the lexical problems of the Old Tstament, it will be understood that the lexicon has no need to commend itself by even the greatest names of former generations. Scholars of the English tongue have now in their hands an instrument not only unsurpassed, but unrivalled in any other language; and American scholars will have a peculiar pride in the fact that it is mainly a product of American scholarship. The publishers and editors, especially Professor Brown, who has borne the burden of the task for nearly twenty years, are to be heartily congratulated in its completion.

Science.

The World Machine. The First Phase: The Cosmic Mechanism. By Carl Snyder. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.

Our estimate of this book depends upon what we conceive to be its purpose. If we consider it as the first installment of a new philosophy of the universe, we shall be inclined to criticise it sharply, both for its assumptions and its inadequacies. But if we regard it as a popular history of the development of physical and astronomical science, we must give it praise Apparently the author intends us to take the former view, since he announces two more "phases" in preparation: "The Mechanism of Life" and "The Social Mechanism." He holds that "every step toward positive knowledge has been an advance toward mechanical conceptions of phenomena which must one day end in a *mechanical conception of the whole.*" This sounds as if it were written a generation ago, when it was commonly assumed that the only way to "explain" anything was to construct a model machine which would work similarly, and that if we only knew enough we should see that the universe "really" consisted of nothing but moving atoms. Nowadays the trend of thought is quite the other way. There is a tendency, represented by such leaders as Ostwald and Poincaré, to abandon mechanical analogies as inadequate and cumbersome, even in fields like physics and chemistry, where they have been the most useful in the past. But criticism of Mr. Snyder's mechanical materialism should be postponed until he develops in the later volumes his own system of philosophy.

His point of view does not impair the value of the present volume, because it is the history of the development of the mechanical interpretation of physical phenomena which he has to record. He has given life to this story of ideas by the abundant use of biographical details, dividing it into chapters with such headings as "Archimedes and the First Ideas of Gravitation," "Galileo and the Optic Tube," "Newton and the Motor Force of the World Machine." The conception of history as a series of epoch-making men is at least as legitimate in science as it is in literature, art, or politics, and it is certainly the best way that has been devised for catching the attention of the ordinary reader, for whose benefit the book is written. He will find here what he could elsewhere only by long search, that is, descriptions and explanations in popular language of the most important discoveries in astronomy and physics, and clear presentations of conflicting cosmical theories. Mr. Snyder's style is that of the writer of magazine "feature stories." He picks up picturesque facts and anecdotes and puts them in telling fashion by the free use of slang, snappiness, and grandiloquence. He gets his information mostly at second or third hand and gives few references by which his sources can be traced. Besides the liability to historical errors due to this, he is fond of exaggeration and rash prophecy, such as the following:

The weather sharp now knows the most, though not all, of the physical conditions which produce the varieties and eccentricities of atmospheric phenomena. The biochemist understands the most, but not all, of the physical conditions which result in the display of life by "inert" matter. But he cannot, as yet, follow these conditions sufficiently close to produce life, just as the weather prophet cannot yet predict earthly weather five hundred years hence, as he will be able not distantly to do. Probably the solution of the one problem will be reached almost as soon as the other.

In "Lilies and Orchids," by Rosina C. Boardman (Robert Grier Cooke), we have handsome reproductions in color of thirty-six drawings of important members of the family of orchids and lilies in the widest sense. The twenty-four plates on which these sketches are grouped are not of equal merit, but all of them are good and not misleading. An objectionable nomenclature is partially atoned for by the use in parentheses of the more generally accepted names. Most of the text is interesting and correct, but there are a few oversights, such as the statement on page 13, "The orchids are more nearly related to the lilies than to any other family": whereas the iris-family and amaryllis-family stand, in every well-considered modern system of classification, as the intermediate steps by which the lilies with their non-adherent ovary have passed into the more highly specialized forms of orchids. All such attractive books as Miss Boardman's are heartily welcomed. We greet with pleasure every treatise on plants and flowers which will lead people to look more closely at their beauty and mechanism, and at what these stand for in the order of nature.

A second edition of Ernest Ingersoll's "The Life of Animals" has been issued with the omission of one illustration, the substitution of several photographs for drawings, and the "correction of a few minor errors." There are still others which should have been corrected, such as the wrong initialing of Professor Osborne's name on page four. It is to be regretted that this opportunity was not taken to introduce a chapter on those important mammals, the cetaceans, which, as in the first edition, are dismissed with a bare half-hundred words.

Dr. Karl Bauer, founder of the observatory at Kalocza, Hungary, and inventor of various meteorological instruments, has just died, in his seventy-sixth year.

Drama and Music.

Stephen Phillips has several plays in hand to follow Mr. Tree's production of "Faust," which he is writing in conjunction with Comyns Carr. He contemplates a new piece for Lewis Waller upon the subject of the Saxon Harold, with the character of Edith designed for Miss Evelyn Millard. He is at work also upon a version of

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Victor Hugo's "Le Roi s'amuse," and is writing a one-act play around the character of Jephthah's daughter, which he thinks would suit the personality of Miss Edith Wynne-Matthison.

J. M. Synge's Irish comedy, "The Playboy of the Western World," which created a riot in Dublin, has just been produced in the Great Queen Street Theatre, in London. That it should have given offence in Ireland, does not seem strange. It is a satire, of which the burthen is that in County Mayo the inhabitants would make a hero of a man who had killed his father, merely because he had the pluck to kill him out in the open with a "loy," or potato-spade, not from behind with a rusty fork, as the Widow Quin killed her husband. It is said in construction, character, and dialogue, to be the best play Mr. Synge has yet written; and its setting, its incidents, and its treatment are so unfamiliar as to double its value in the eyes of English theatregoers.

A dispatch announces the death on Monday of Joseph Knight, the oldest of London's dramatic critics. He was born in 1829. He was an excellent Shakespearean scholar, and his criticisms in the *Athenæum* were marked by good judgment and commendable reserve. Since 1883 he had been the editor of *Notes and Queries*, and in addition to his connection with the *Athenæum*, as dramatic critic, he wrote the criticisms for the *Globe*. As a writer of books Mr. Knight was also well known. He prepared a life of Dante Gabriel Rossetti for the Great Writers Series (1877), and was the author of "Theatrical Notes" (1893), "Life of David Garrick" (1894), "The Stage in the Year 1900" (1901), and the lives of actors for the Dictionary of National Biography. He was also the editor of Downe's Roscius Anglicanus.

Mr. Kneisel, who declined the directorship of the Philadelphia Orchestra in order to continue with his Quartet, has gone abroad to search for a violoncellist to replace Mr. Schroeder. With him he will then go to his place at Blue Hill, Me., to rehearse the quartets to be played next season. Of the amount of painstaking and repetition required to secure an exquisite ensemble like that of the Kneisel Quartet, few music-lovers have the remotest idea. The players also have to deny themselves many forms of exercise which would delight and invigorate them. They cannot row, nor can they ride a horse. Mr. Kneisel has a garden, but he cannot use the spade or the hoe. "A violinist," he said the other day, "should not even carry an umbrella or a cane. Whenever I do so I have cause to regret it, for it mars the smoothness of my bowing. Ysaye has had the same experience. Sarasate used to leave his house for a walk with a stick in hand, but after a short distance he always gave it to his valet." One reason why Mr. Kneisel likes the Maine coast is that at his summer residence the strings behave so much better than further south; a dozen strings last as long there as a hundred do near Boston; and the presence of fog in Maine does not alter that fact.

The German Brahms Society has just issued Ellen's Second Song, by Schubert (opus 52, No. 2), arranged by Brahms for soprano solo, female choir, and wind instruments. The Brahmsgesellschaft has also issued a new edition of "Brahms-Texte," containing all the poems he set to music, and of the first volume of Max Kalbeck's elaborate biography of Brahms. The second volume is to appear in the autumn. A new edition is also promised of Brahms's correspondence with Heinrich and Elizabeth Herzogenberg, in which, however, Brahms plays a minor rôle, his own letters being few in number and uninteresting.

A Leipzig firm has sold the MS. of one of Beethoven's sonatas for piano and violin (in G-major, opus 96) to Commendatore Leo S. Olschi of Florence, for $10,000 (42,500 marks). A good deal of soreness has been caused among the Germans by this sale.

Vladimir De Pachman, the great pianist, announces his farewell tour in America from September, 1907, to May, 1908.

The death is announced of H. A. Köstlin, professor of theology in the University of Giessen from 1895 to 1901. He was the author of several important works on the history of church music.

Art.

Some important changes are being made in the hanging of the pictures at the Louvre, which, in the case of Rembrandt, are distinctly for the better. The tendency of late in exhibitions of old and modern painters is to place the work of one man together, and this is the arrangement now adopted with the Louvre Rembrandts. They have been brought from the Salon Carré and the little alcoves and grouped at one end of the long gallery. It is a regret, of course, not to find that wonderful Hendrickje Stoffels in the Salon Carré with the Lionardo and the Giorgione, the Velasquez and the Titians. But there is no doubt that Rembrandt never before has been so well seen at the Louvre; many bare spaces are left on the walls of the alcoves, and probably there will be further interesting groupings and changes before long. One other thing that strikes the present visitor at the Louvre is the positive splendor with which Manet holds his own in the great room of the modern Frenchmen. Ingres, from whom it can now be seen how much he learned, pales before the beauty and the colors of the Olympe. The picture seems to have gained by the removal from its probation at the Luxembourg to a place among the masters.

There have been changes also in the hanging at the London National Gallery, and these also are very much for the better. The influence of Sir Charles Holroyd is already making itself felt, though it is hardly a year since he succeeded Sir Edward Poynter, and the few things he has had time to do make one hopeful for the future of the Gallery under his direction. The most notable change as yet is in the arrangement of the Dutch and Flemish pictures. The large room where they have hitherto hung together is now reserved for the Dutchmen, and Franz Hals has his place, as he should, on the walls with Rembrandt. The Flemish pictures fare no less well. Rubens, in a room apart, which he almost fills, the remaining space being given to Jordaens and Van Dyck, has a stateliness and sumptuousness that never impressed one in the same way when his three or four big pictures were in the corner of the large room. They appear now with the decorative dignity that belongs to them, while the student profits immensely by the new arrangement. Here, too, bare spaces on the walls prepare one for further changes. It is noticeable that modern foreign work has been gradually creeping into the National Gallery of late. There are the Boudin and Fantin with the French collection, and a little group of modern Dutchmen, with the old Dutch masters. The latter group has been lent—not bought or presented. And it must be said that the work scarcely has the distinction that justifies the acceptance of the loan at Trafalgar Square, where there is a modern section only for British work, and even this the Tate Gallery is rapidly monopolizing.

The exhibition of the New English Art Club is now open in London; its present headquarters an unattractive little gallery in Dering Yard, just off New Bond Street. There was a time when this exhibition was one of the most interesting given in England. The club was young; so were its members, who represented all that was strongest and most promising in the art of Great Britain. You could smell the powder, feel the revolution in the air at their annual show, the enthusiast used to say. But the club has reached the conservatism of maturity, it has managed to get rid of many of its distinguished and promising members, and to-day it is little more than a gathering of the professors of the Slade School at University College, their friends and followers. Wilson Steer remains, and he, by refusing to exhibit with other societies or academies, has proved a very decided attraction. But his two pictures this year—portraits—show that he is now wavering in his allegiance between the French and English portrait-painters of the eighteenth century, as in his landscapes he has so often wavered between Monet and Constable. Walter Sickert remains, but, apparently, prefers to reserve his best work for other galleries; worthier things of his have been seen at the new Salon in Paris, and the International in London. Rothenstein remains, but seems, in paint, to be endeavoring to rival Mr. Zangwill's success in words, and, in his presentation of his people at their religious rites, to be looking to subject for success as dutifully as any Academician; the Ghetto supplying the novelty. The younger members, who have come into the fold of late, have not done much so far except to express unquestioned loyalty to Slade teaching, or to give that promise which, at the New English Art Club, has for the last twenty years passed as achievement. The result is that the present exhibition would be sadly dull and disappointing, but for the contributions of an Academician, Mr. Sargent. For some reason he has always been honored by the club, and he often shows with its members. He has now several brilliant sketches, mostly of architecture, in oils and water-colors, which, by their vigor, their audacity, their solidity, emphasize the weakness of the work sur-

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rounding them. Here, anyway, is a man who can make good, strong studies, but does not think art begins and ends with the jotting down, on paper or canvas or metal, of his notes and memoranda. The New Englishman, as a rule, leaves off where the artist begins, and is content to display the study for the masterpiece that is never done—often not even attempted. The pity of it is that the club at the start had everything in its hands, and could have become, had it continued on the same lines, a formidable opponent to the Academy. Now it has left the work of opposition to the International, and one can only hope that the efficiency of this society in the work of reform will be more enduring.

The frontispiece of the *Burlington Magazine* for June is a photogravure after "A Man with a Hawk," by Henry Wyatt, an almost unknown English painter of the early part of the nineteenth century, who worked as an assistant in the studio of Sir Thomas Lawrence and is, likely enough, the real author of many pictures attributed to his master. The work has sufficient quality to make one feel that the individuality of the painter is worth rescuing, but, at least in the reproduction, hardly enough to justify the praise of the writer in the *Burlington*, who says of it:

> Here we have a picture which in spirit and accomplishment is of the highest degree of excellence, and only falls short of the work of the supreme masters of portraiture from lack of the gravity with which they invest their sitters.

After this there is something of anticlimax in the further statement that "but for the inscription on the back of the canvas, the painting might well have passed for the work of Lawrence." An article by Percy Moore Turner on "The Representation of the British School in the Louvre" gives occasion for the reproduction of two pictures by Lawrence himself, that extremely clever painter who was so far from a "supreme master," and of Reynolds's Master Hare, accidentally mislabelled "by T. Gainsborough." The leading article is Ethel Ross Barker's account of "Past Excavations of Herculaneum," illustrated with five plates after antique bronzes, and there are articles on tapestry, stained glass, Dutch and Flemish furniture, etc., etc. The department of Art in America is largely devoted to notes on the exhibition of the National Academy, that of the Ten American Painters, and several minor exhibitions.

The special spring number of the *Studio* is devoted this year to the Royal Scottish Academy, and contains a history of that institution by A. L. Baldry, lists of its members and professors, forty plates in color after the works of prominent members, past and present, eight portraits and four facsimiles of autograph letters. The Scotch painters have evidently confined their efforts largely to landscape and portraiture, and there are few serious attempts at figure painting in these forty plates. In landscape the earlier work is scenic, the later episodical and *intime;* but through the whole series, from the pictures of the earliest Academicians to those of the Glasgow men of to-day, there is an obvious attempt at fulness and quality of color which distinguishes these men from their contemporaries over the border, and justifies, to some extent—in spite of the evidences of foreign influence, particularly that of the modern Dutch School, in the more recent work—the contention that there is a Scottish School of painting.

The Life Publishing Co. puts out a handsomely printed quarto, with pictures and verse from that weekly, with the appropriate title of "The Comedy of Life." The drawing of these cartoons is sometimes a little to seek, but their wit and grace and their skill in characterization rarely fail.

The Prix Henner, of 3,000 fr., for a figure painter of French nationality, and at least thirty years old, has been awarded for the first time by the Société des Artistes Français to M. Guinier, who exhibits two paintings, Femme Pensive, and Jeune Fille et Pavots.

Léon Gauchez ("Paul Lervi") has died in Paris in his eighty-third year. M. Gauchez was founder and director of *L'Art*.

Finance.

CAUSES OF THE "BETTER FEELING."

It has been manifest this past week, to every one accustomed to feel the pulse of financial sentiment and financial markets, that a distinctly more hopeful feeling has begun to prevail. This has been noticeable, not through predictions of a "boom in trade" or a "boom in stocks," but through the gradual disappearance of the pessimism which, a very few weeks ago, tinged every expert diagnosis and prognosis in finance. Until this change in sentiment occurred, belief was general that a season of grave disturbance was before us in the summer, and that serious complications, financial or industrial, were possibly yet to be undergone. By no means every experienced watcher even yet declares that the markets will not have to sail through troubled waters between now and the later autumn. But a feeling that the financial position is now such that trials of this sort may be endured without disaster, if not without inconvenience, has grown very general.

What has caused the change? The Stock Exchange, which measures everything in the terms of professional speculation, replies that "liquidation has been completed," and that the market is "sold to a standstill." This is not so trivial a view of the case as may perhaps be imagined; for the Stock Exchange is a microcosm in which all the forces at work in outside finance and industry are embodied, and when urgent sales of investment securities have ceased, the usual meaning is that the financial or industrial distress from which those sales resulted has also come to an end, or has, at all events, reached a stage where there is promise of relief. But this does not answer the main question. Why should even this compulsory or precautionary throwing over of investment holdings have ceased?

The cause may be either technical or sentimental—that is to say, the sales may have stopped because those already made had provided the capital requisite for safety, or because the fears which provoked the previous selling had been removed. As regards the first of the two suppositions, it must always be true that, at some point, realizing on their investment holdings will put embarrassed individuals or companies into a position of safety. Their difficulty was, that they could not borrow; but by thus marketing part of their possessions, they may dispense with borrowing, and pay off debts. Such a result assumes a demand from purchasers on the Stock Exchange which will produce the requisite sum. Lacking such demand, prices might fall to ruinous figures—as they do, precisely because of paralyzed purchasing power, in a real industrial panic. Nothing like that has resulted this past season; the lower prices fell, the stronger became the legitimate demand for them. It was evident that, at a price, capital could be had, and the low valuations fixed on the Stock Exchange in March and May were the price exacted and paid.

Nor is this all of the technical relief provided. In a genuine panic, prices for stocks may be so disordered that banks, themselves embarrassed from other reasons—say from a run of depositors—are more reluctant to lend on such security than they were at the higher level. The result then is a frantic bid for money by Wall Street, and

Financial.

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failure of firms which cannot get it. Nothing like this has resulted from the past season's fall in prices; on the contrary, Stock Exchange liquidation released so many bank loans, and fall in Stock Exchange prices reduced so largely Wall Street's demands on bank resources, that people with good securities to offer as collateral found the money rate suddenly reduced to the lowest figure in months. This of itself may have averted further forced liquidation.

So much for the technical side. It will readily be perceived, however, that the very fact which made possible this restored equilibrium was the absence of general fright and panic; therefore the sentimental causes of the better feeling may, after all, turn out to be fundamental. Dozens of reasons are usually offered to explain such a change in financial sentiment, and, naturally, the number produced after the event is larger than those assigned in prediction. One influence towards better feeling stands out, however, so distinctly, and with so logical a bearing on the financial situation, that it may fairly be called paramount. This influence is the altered outlook for the harvests. That the season of growing crops, both in this country and in Europe, began unfavorably, is known to every one. That the agricultural situation was highly critical up to the opening of June, was witnessed by the violent advance in grain prices. The first of June, in the Eastern States, was the coldest June day on the Weather Bureau's records, and it was freely asserted, at that time, that nothing could save the harvests from a possibly disastrous shortage, except "perfect weather" from that time forward.

This was a hard requirement; yet, in the three weeks which have ensued, precisely that ideal "growing weather"—hotter than usual, which was to be desired after the abnormal cold of May—has prevailed throughout the United States. Wheat and cotton prices have fallen; it is now confidently expected that the Government's July cotton crop estimate, due next Wednesday, and its grain crop estimate, due Wednesday of the ensuing week, will show very great improvement in the outlook. For wheat, at any rate, the prospect of the moment is for a yield large enough—when added to a surplus, from last year's crop, 48,000,000 bushels greater than the "carried-over" surplus a year ago—to spare the usual amount for export. With Europe's harvest shortage from last year's yield now calculated at 180,000,000 to 280,000,000 bushels, the financial importance of this change in our own situation is enough of itself to explain the change in sentiment.

No single cause ever operates alone in a matter of this sort; financial movements result from the cumulative influence of a great variety of causes. Therefore it is easily possible that the failure as yet of any formidable trade reaction to develop—entailing such consequences as did the iron trade relapse of 1903—is a strong contributing influence towards better feeling. The nearness of the "July reinvestment period" always has some effect, and may have more than usual this year, when the mid-year revenues will be used quite as much to liquidate over-extended credit as to invest on the Stock Exchange. No doubt it will be alleged, by that curiously perverse part of the railway community which has insisted on "antagonism to railroads" as the root of all recent depression, that people are growing reassured in that direction, and are therefore feeling better. This argument meets difficulties, unless President Roosevelt's rather Delphic Memorial Day speech, or Gov. Hughes's veto of the "Two-Cent Fare bill" in New York, is assumed to mean reversal of public opinion. However, such things are undoubtedly a help, even if their function as the main cause of conditions precedent is not admitted.

The larger question is, whether the favorable change in financial sentiment is merely a temporary incident, or marks the real turn in the tide. As to that, one must watch three doubtful spots in the situation. Crops may be growing well into July, or even into August, yet be blighted at harvest, and late crops, like this year's, run a peculiar risk. The bank position is not as strong as might be wished, when the New York surplus reserve, at $5,600,000 last Saturday, was the lowest on record for that date, outside of the panic year 1893, and when $6,000,000 gold per week has lately been going from New York to Europe. Finally, the world outside of the United States is not in the best financial position, when financial trouble has actually broken out at Genoa, Alexandria, and Rio Janeiro, and when London and Paris are facing formidable liquidation. But these are considerations for the future.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alexander, Hartley B. The Mid Earth Life. Springfield, Mass.: H. R. Hunting Co.
Annual Report of the States Charities, 1907. Albany.
Avery, Elroy McKendree. A History of the United States and its People. Vol. 3. Cleveland: Burrows Bros. Co.
Barus, Carl. Condensation of Vapor as Induced by Nuclei and Ions. Washington: Carnegie Institute.
Bastian, H. Charlton. The Evolution of Life. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Belloc, Hilaire. The Historic Thames. Dutton. $6 net.
Bruce, Philip Alexander. Social Life of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century. Richmond, Va.: Whittet & Shepperson. $1.50 net.
Bullen, Frank T. Our Heritage of the Sea. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Butler, Pierce. Judah P. Benjamin. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.
Cartwright, Julia. Madame: A Life of Henrietta, Daughter of Charles I. and Duchess of Orleans. Dutton. $3 net.
Cheyne, T. K. Traditions and Beliefs of Ancient Israel. London: Adam & Charles Black.
Chonski, Myriem de. La Brabina. Paris: Armand Colin.
Clark, Galen. The Big Trees of California. Published by the author.
Comedy of Life. Life Publishing Co. $2.
Commons, John R. Proportional Representation. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Cram, Ralph Adams. The Gothic Quest. Baker & Taylor Co.
Cromwell, Norman H. The Sportsman's Primer. Outing Publishing Co.
Davidson, William L. The Stoic Creed. Imported by Scribners. $1.75 net.
Ethnology, Twenty-fourth Annual Report of the Bureau of. By W. H. Holmes. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Fusco, Antonio. La Filosofia Dell' Arte in Gustavo Flaubert. Messina.
Gardner, Percy. The Growth of Christianity. Macmillan Co. $1.75.
Gofflot, L.-V. Le Theatre au Collège du Moyen Age à Nos Jours. Paris: Honoré Champion.
Guthrie, William B. Socialism Before the French Revolution. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Headlam, Cecil. The Story of Oxford. Macmillan Co. $2.
Holder, Charles Frederick. Half Hours with the Animals. American Book Co. 60 cents.
Homer's Iliad. Translated by Edgar A. Tibbetts. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
Horsley, Victor, and Mary D. Sturge. Alcohol and the Human Body. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Hyamson Albert M. A Dictionary of the Bible. Dutton. 50 cents.
Irish Texts Society. Vol. VI: Imtheachta Aeniasa. Edited by George Calder. London: David Nutt.
Irwin, Wallace. The Shame of the Colleges. Outing Publishing Co.
Kitson, Arthur. Capt. James Cook. Dutton. $4.50 net.
Klein, Charles. The Lion and the Mouse. G. W. Dillingham Co.
Launay, L. de. L'Or Dans le Monde. Paris: Armand Colin.
Lauck, W. Jett. The Causes of the Panic of 1893. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.
Lloyd, A. B. In Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country. Dutton. $3 net.
Long, William J. Wayeeses, the White Wolf. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Montague, F. C. The History of England. Longmans.
My Jest Book. Selected by Mark Lemon. Dutton. 50 cents.
National Educational Association. Fiftieth Anniversary Volume. Winona, Wis.: Published by the Association.
Neame, L. E. The Asiatic Danger in the Colonies. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Newbolt, Henry. The Old Country. Dutton. $1.50.
Noyes, Alfred. The Flower of Old Japan and other Poems. Macmillan Co.
Pares, Bernard. Russia and Reform. Dutton. $3 net.
Person, Harlow Stafford. Industrial Education. Macmillan Co. $1 net.
Report of the Commissioner of Education. Vol. I. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Rhead, Louis. Bait Angling for Common Fishes. Outing Publishing Co. $1.25 net.
Roberts, W. Sir William Beechey, R. A. Imported by Scribners. $2 net.
Root, Elihu. The Citizen's Part in Government. Scribners. $1 net.
Schaching, Otto von. The Bell Foundry. Benziger Bros.
Scott, John Reed. Beatrix of Clare. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Selous, F. C. Recent Hunting Trips in British America. Imported by Scribners. $5 net.
Strong, Mrs. Arthur. Roman Sculpture. Imported by Scribners. $3 net.
Sumner, William Graham. Folkways. Boston: Ginn & Co. $3.
Taylor, I. A. Queen Hortense and Her Friends. 2 vols. Imported by Scribners. $6 net.
Teranus, V. E. Der Letzte Krieg. Berlin.
Washington, Booker T., and W. E. B. Du Bois. The Negro in the South. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1 net.
Welles, A. M. Reminiscent Ramblings. Denver: W. F. Robinson Printing Co.
Wolff, Max J. Shakespeare. München: C. H. Beck.

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